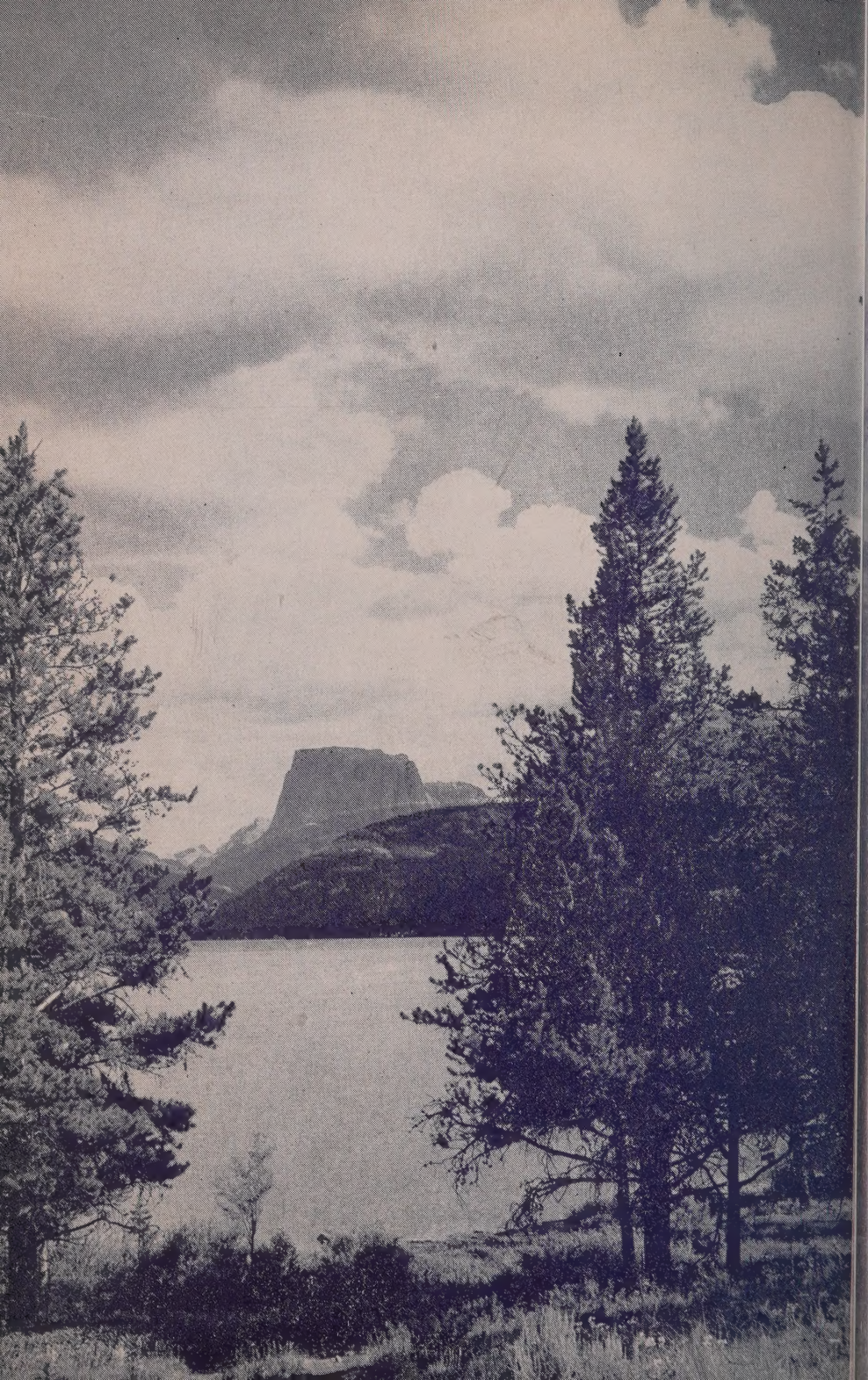
The Relief Society Magazine

42 NO 8

Lessons for November

AUGUST 1955



The Mountain Climber

Maryhale Woolsey

Blithely, sure-footed, the year climbed a mountain—
Sun at his shoulder, and shortening shadow.
Green at his heels, and sprinkle of blossoms,
Followed him up from the valley and meadow.

Now, at midsummer, he stands on the summit
Proudly, and wrapped in monarchial splendor;
Sun at his head, pouring brilliance around him;
World at his feet in contented surrender.

Brief is his season of tallness and triumph;
He must descend soon, to valley, to meadow,
Trailing bright remnants of glory behind him;
Sun in his eyes, and lengthening shadow.

The Cover: "Lone Cypress on Midway Point, Near Carmel, California," Photograph by Don Knight

Frontispiece Photograph: "Green River Lake and Old Flat Top in the Wind River Range, Wyoming," Photograph by Don Knight

From Near and Far

For some months I have regularly received your little book through the generosity of a dear friend in Utah. May I say how much I look forward to and enjoy it. The verses are especially good, and it is very interesting to read the recipes (so different from ours), and to have an insight into an American lady's home. I pass my book around, so many of my friends enjoy it also. I think you are doing a great deal towards helping to make the world a friendly and happier place.

—Mrs. E. Brown

Reading, Berkshire
England

Congratulations to Frances Yost for her story in the May *Magazine* "Forever Orchid." I think it is one of the best she has written—not because she is a good friend and neighbor, but because the story was so appropriate for Mother's Day. I enjoy the *Magazine* very much.

—Blanche Robison

Bancroft, Idaho

Thank you for a wonderful *Magazine*. I enjoy it so much and have taken it for twenty-five years. In the May issue I especially enjoyed "Forever Orchid" by Frances Yost. It seems as if she wrote it just for me—as if it were my story. I read it one day, and the next day I received my first orchid from my son who is going to school in California. I, too, was on the Mother's Day program at Sunday School. I hope to read more stories by Frances Yost.

—Melva Law

Meridian, Idaho

We enjoy the *Magazine* very much and look forward to its arrival each month. We are trying to encourage more members to subscribe because we feel that it should be in every Latter-day Saint home.

—Nora C. Duncan, President
South African Mission
Relief Society
Mowbray, South Africa

There was so much to praise in this gay copy of the June *Magazine*. I felt I must convey my praise on so many items . . . . Elder Harold B. Lee's timely article on marriage made one hope it will be shared in all homes . . . . The two new general board members are certainly well chosen. I know Annie M. Ellsworth, and I was greatly impressed with the rich life Sister Young brings to the valiant group. I especially love poetry and I share all that appeals to me. Sister Cannon's "Woman's Sphere" I seek out the very first thing, and I always wish there were two full pages. Anything that makes us appreciate our beloved land like "From Sea to Shining Sea," by Vesta Pierce Crawford; also Sister Miner's words I never miss, and Rhea H. Gardner has most helpful lessons. By the way, if anyone missed Margaret Hardy ("A Good Day"), go back and read and share it . . . . Sorry the space is all gone, but you all are a blessing, and I am going to grow some basil ("Herbs for Modern Cookery—Basil") as outlined on page 416.

—Laura R. Merrill

Logan, Utah

We would like to let you know that the *Magazine* gives us much joy, and also we feel to be in contact with the saints in Utah. We thank you and send many greetings.

—Albert Larsson

Konstanz, Germany

I am a member of the L.D.S. Church, of which I am very proud. There is only one thing I wish and that is that I could be closer to the Church. I live twenty miles away and don't have a car, and I don't get to go to Church very often unless someone should happen to think about me. I have a small hotel here at LaBarge, and when we first started our branch up here we held Church in my lobby for nine months, but now the branch has moved to Big Piney. I am sixty-eight years old. Enclosed find $1.50 for my *Magazine*.

—Edith Dervos

LaBarge, Wyoming

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

The Family Hour in Our Home

LaRue S. Pettit and E. Alan Pettit, President Bakersfield Stake

OUR family was sitting around the supper table on a late spring day. Daddy mentioned that he would take the next day off, and asked if the family would like an outing. A family council was held. Daddy had a Church meeting after supper, so each of the children had to help. Alan, age fourteen, offered to see that cooking equipment and a large thermos of water were ready. Loneta, age thirteen, arranged to pack the lunch. Raymond, age eleven, agreed to have the extra clothes ready. Gaye, age eight, was to get her own clothes ready and help with the lunch. Mother was to follow up and see that each was ready. Plans were made to leave home about eight A.M. Each person helped plan and prepare for the outing.

The outing the next day was spent on the Mojave Desert, looking for rocks for our collection, hiking over the desert hills, observing the wild flowers, cooking hot dogs over a fire built by the children, and playing games.

Outings such as this, planned quickly and smoothly, with everyone having a part, are enjoyed once or twice a month. They are actually the outgrowth of many years of different family activities. Regardless of how busy we have been with Church affairs or business problems, we have made a point of spending an evening or two a week with the children, and a couple of full days each month for such a trip.

These family activities started when Alan was about three years old. The early Family Hour consisted of a regular weekly family meeting. These meetings followed a regular pattern: an opening song and prayer, discussion of family business, which included jobs around the house for Daddy and Mother, as well as for the children, assignments to the children to help with household tasks, a checkup on previous assignments, and a discussion of family plans, perhaps to prepare an outing such as the one described above. This regular business was followed carefully, and we tried to make the children a part of the family planning. After the business, we had a program which was planned and put on by the children. Each one of the family would present a number: a reading, a song, a story or poem, or quote the Articles of Faith, which we tried to have the children memorize. Alan would, at times, give a trumpet solo; Loneta would play her violin; and Raymond would play the clarinet. Gaye would often sing a song which she made up as she sang. This program was followed by a scripture story by Mother and instructions from Father on a Church teaching or on a problem pertaining to the children's conduct. The Family Hour was closed by family prayer, and afterwards, refreshments were often served by Mother.

THE E. ALAN PETTIT FAMILY

Left to right: Raymond; Sister LaRue S. Pettit; Loneta; Gaye; Brother E. Alan Pettit; Alan.

This type of Family Hour has been followed for years, though the program has varied from time to time. Sometimes the ward teachers would come during this little meeting and would take part, their lesson making very appropriate instructions. Often the grandparents were present, at which times an effort was made by the children to prepare something special. The children would sometimes prepare a play, making up their own script, and arranging the front room to look like a stage by using quilts and blankets for curtains.

DURING the years many changes were made. The "Family Court" was developed in an effort to give the children a means to work out some of their personal difficulties with each other. The "Court" was held as a part of the business of the Family Hour, and records were kept in the "Family Log" in which we make a record of the Family Hour and its activities.

When one of the children had trouble with another member of the family, he would prepare a written "complaint." This complaint described the problem, and gave a time and place when the difficulty happened. It had to be in writing, or we would not consider it. For the little children, this meant that they had to have the older children write down their complaint, or, at times,

their mother would write it. During the Family Court the complaint was opened and read, with Father acting as the judge. The person writing the complaint was asked to explain his problem; other members of the family were questioned as witnesses, and the "defendant" was given a chance to give his story. Then a decision was given: a reprimand, a small fine, or a dismissal.

These complaints covered such matters as: someone making too much noise at bedtime, not putting his toys away, not picking up his clothes, failing to help with his assignments.

Usually such little complaints gave occasion for much laughter and fun, and the problems seemed to lose their seriousness. At times a Family Rule was violated, and the children would be called to task. Such Family Rules were varied and made to apply to particular problems. For example: the children all had bicycles about the same time. It was noticed that they would often ride out of the driveway into the street without looking. A rule was made that each person going out of the driveway would have to stop his bike completely and look for cars before going into the street. Each violation would cost a fine of ten cents. One of the children put up a *Stop* sign. This worked well.

A few times the children were fined. But at one Family Hour a complaint was written by Mother and all the children in which they listed ten separate occasions when Daddy had backed his car out of the driveway, perhaps slowing down, but not stopping before he entered the street. It was decided that Daddy should follow exactly the same rule with the car as the children with their bicycles. So Daddy paid a fine of one dollar. The fines went into a family treasury, which once in awhile amounted to enough to take the family to a show. Most complaints were cleared up by talking them over, and by promises to do better.

As the children were growing up, a practice developed to tell "Chopsticks" stories. These stories were told by Father to the children at many different times—sometimes as part of Family Hour, or as we were riding in the car, as the kiddies went to bed, or as we sat together on an afternoon or evening. These stories are pure fancy, perhaps best described as the fruits of a vivid imagination. They are sometimes devoted to putting over a point, or a moral. The original character of these stories was a little man five feet tall and five feet around (until he reduced). He managed to get in and out of many situations and, over a period of ten years, had a thousand experiences that have interested and amused and, perhaps, taught the children. His experiences included: developing a "push button Cadillac," working with a horse "Blackie" on a ranch, catching and taming a grizzly bear, exploring the Andes, fishing in the high mountain lakes, hunting Polar bears, searching for white Indians, etc. This story telling has provided many happy moments together, and, even now, the children often ask for a Chopsticks story. Other characters used were: Twigglebritches, the duck; Bluenose and Redear, the rabbits, and many others.

ANOTHER family activity used by Mother and the children to fill in the hours when Daddy was busy with Church assignments has been a project of preparing a Book of Remembrance for the family and one for each of the children. These books have become very complete and interesting. The genealogical research has been directed by Mother, and each of the children has helped in copying his own records as well as in research in the libraries. This family activity has helped make many a Sunday afternoon profitable as well as pleasant. It is producing good records for each member of the family.

Our Family Hours have been filled with many different activities. One project was to read The Book of Mormon together, each person taking turns in reading a verse. This was started before the children could read, and they would repeat the words as read by their parents. This activity developed into a project assigned to the children to start reading The Book of Mormon again when each one reached his twelfth birthday. As soon after that as they read it through by themselves, they received a triple combination of the standard works. Alan received his within a year, and Loneta is nearly ready for hers.

Other activities include the Family Council which is called to plan or consider any special project or problem. One sideline of this Family Council is Alan's cryptic comment: "Yes, our family is a democracy. Each member of the family votes on what he would like to do, and then Daddy decides what we will do!" This Family Council has been the planning stage for most Family Hours, outings, and other activities.

It would be impossible to describe the many things that have been done as a part of our Family Hour. The variety has been fun. The growing children, with their changing interests and activities, have made necessary a fluctuating and varied program. One thing has become definite: at least once a week the family will engage in some activity together. It may not be at the same hour or on the same day each week. It may be an hour or two in an evening, a full evening, or often a full day together. But whatever it is, we find that it is an extremely important part of the week's activities. We are fully aware of the responsibilities that are ours to stay together as a family, as we are also aware of our constant need for help from the Lord in the problem of rearing our children. May the Lord help all families, including our own, to grow in his sight!

Special Birthday

Olive W. Burt

PART I

MYRA Gregory was determined that Cal's birthday dinner should be a happy one. Not a frown, not a whisper should mar it. For, after all, it was a very important birthday, his sixty-fifth. And the sixty-fifth birthday nowadays meant something special. Retirement. Leisure.

Myra, stirring fruit into the half-set lime jello, Cal's favorite salad, frowned slightly. In her mind she repeated the two words—retirement; leisure. Added together, they should equal happiness. But was the problem that simple?

Myra was thinking of Cal's face during the past few days. He had worn a determined look of happiness. He had joked and laughed about today—his last day "at the old grind." But, significantly, he hadn't said a word about the days to follow. Not a word.

Myra told herself, you can't be married to a man for forty years and not know what he is feeling and thinking, whether he tells you or not. And Cal, she knew, was not feeling happy about this sixty-fifth birthday.

Myra slipped the salad into the refrigerator. She touched the devil's food cake and found it was cool enough to frost. Her lips quirked into a smile as she piled chocolate frosting deep on it. She was remembering Cal's first birthday after they were married.

Myra had grown up in the tradition of a white birthday cake covered with white frosting, and sprinkled with bits of colored sugar. So on Cal's birthday she had made him a gorgeous white cake. The colored sugar had sparkled like tiny bits of jewelled confetti. She had felt so excited and happy—her first birthday cake for her wonderful husband.

Now, deftly swirling the chocolate frosting, Myra remembered Cal's face when he had seen that cake. It had suddenly worn such a comical expression—a mixture of amazement and dismay and disappointment. It had lasted only a second. Then Cal had grinned.

"What a beautiful cake, Myra! First one I ever had that was so pretty!" And he had swung her off her feet, kissing her.

Myra had carefully watched her young husband eat that cake. He had seemed to enjoy it all right. But there was something lacking. And that night, lying in his arms, she had asked cautiously, "Cal, you said that was the first birthday cake you'd ever had that was so pretty. What kind of birthday cakes have you had? Or didn't you have any?"

"Have any? I'll say I did. Mother always made me a big devil's food cake—not that blackish kind, but a rich mahogany red. And she piled it high with chocolate frosting . . . ."

Myra had interrupted, shocked. "A chocolate birthday cake? Oh, Cal, how . . . ." She had stopped the

word "awful" that was on the tip of her tongue and substituted lamely, "wonderful." "I never thought of a chocolate birthday cake."

"I guess no one would but Mother. I know the other kids had cakes with white frosting or pink—one little girl had blue frosting on her birthday cake. I went to the party. Boy, if I didn't feel sorry for her. No chocolate cake! But Mother knew what I liked and she was great for giving us what we liked, especially on our birthdays."

This, Myra now told herself, was the thirty-ninth chocolate birthday cake she had made for Cal. Never another luscious white one sparkling with colored sugar.

MYRA placed the big cake carefully on the milk-glass cake stand and set it in its place of honor on the sideboard. She looked around her. Things were well underway. Her practiced hand made little work of preparing a meal for the whole family.

They'd all be present, of course, for Cal's birthday. Hugh, with Marge and their six youngsters; Carol and Grant and their two. It would mean fourteen at table, but Myra thought nothing of the work involved. It was sheer pleasure for her to have her family seated around the big table.

She went out into the yard to cut some roses for the house. As always, she paused at the top of the steps leading down into the garden and smiled with pleasure. It was perfect. But it ought to be—all the hours she and Cal had spent on it! They had enjoyed working there together, smelling the newly turned earth, the wet grass, the young flowers, reaching a deep harmony of spirit as they labored together in the sun.

She went to the Mirandy rosebush Cal had given her on Carol's birthday. That was Cal—on each child's birthday he brought their mother a gift of flowers. She was clipping the long-stemmed, radiantly red blooms when Carol herself came across the lawn. She was carrying Mindy, sunshiny in yellow organdy, and David was tagging at her heels. The little boy held a clumsily wrapped package.

"Hi, Mom!" Carol called out gaily. "Here we are, always ahead of time."

Myra came up the steps. "Carol, darling. You know you're never ahead of time here. Hi, David." She stooped to kiss her grandson.

"Where's Gramps?" David asked without preamble.

Myra laughed. "He'll be home soon. In the meantime, won't I do?"

"I got a present for Gramps. I gotta give it to him," David said firmly.

Myra reached out and took Mindy from her mother's arms, handing Carol the roses as she did so. She nuzzled the baby's sweet, warm neck, murmuring, "Mindy! Mindy, love! Grandma's girl!"

They went together up the path toward the house, David tagging along.

Carol said, "The four of us all went in together on Dad's present. That is, Grant and Hugh and Marge and I. The children all wanted to get different things."

"Of course," Myra smiled. "They

are all so different—and so certain of themselves. You can't expect them to agree on something as vital as Gramps' birthday present."

"We got something very, extra special. Something for him to use when he's free."

Free! The word echoed in Myra's heart. Free from what? The right to work, to be busy and productive? And for Cal—the big, energetic, vital Cal! Why, he'd always been free.

She spoke involuntarily, "Your father's not an old man, yet, Carol."

CAROL laughed. "I should say he isn't! I've never thought he was. Oh, I know some children *always* think of their parents as old. But not Hugh and I. Not with you and Dad. You're both so alive! And so—so eager to try new things—to listen to what we say. No, Dad's not old. He'll have a long time to enjoy his leisure."

Myra let it rest there. There was no use bothering the children with her vague worries.

As they reached the house, noise broke through the evening stillness. A car horn honked. Children were yelling and there was much laughter. Myra and Carol turned and went to the side of the house. As they appeared, the rather old car standing there seemed to explode, sending laughing, shouting youngsters every which way.

"Hello, Grandma!" "Hi, Aunt Carol! Hello! Hello!"

They piled around Myra, holding out grimy packages for her to see.

"Look what I brought Gramps!" Calvin said proudly.

"I wrapped mine all by myself," Tony bragged.

"So did I!" "So did I!"

From the front seat Hugh and Marge climbed out with fat little Petey between them.

"Happy birthday, Mother!" Hugh said fondly, his arm about Myra. "Happy *Dad's* birthday! We picked up Grant so he wouldn't be too late for some of that luscious chocolate cake."

From the back seat of the car Grant raised his head. Limping, rubbing his back, he descended from the car.

"Bloody, but unbowed," he muttered, pretending ill-nature. "I think it might have been more considerate to let me miss the cake."

Now all was noise, chattering, laughing, the way it always was when they all got together. The children soon broke away to rush for the swings and teeter and sandpile Gramps had built for them in the far corner of the yard. The others moved on into the house. Quiet little Elspeth, her straight, golden hair in long, heavy braids, deserted the children and came to walk quietly beside Myra.

"Grandma," she said seriously, "do you know what?"

"What, darling?"

"Mamma 'splained to us that Gramps isn't going to go to work any more downtown. He can stay home all day long. All the other kids bought him things to play with at home. But—" she hesitated.

"Yes, honey?"

"I didn't. I got him a brand new necktie. Do you know why?"

"I think maybe I do, Elspeth. But you tell me."

"'Cause even if Gramps doesn't *have* to go to work downtown, he'll

still be going to Church and maybe have new work to do. So I bought him a new tie so's he can go when he wants to."

Myra's throat was tight.

"That's lovely, darling. He'll be so proud to know you thought about that."

They had scarcely entered the house when Myra heard Cal's step. Her ears, trained by forty years of listening, could read that step as accurately as her eyes could read his face. She listened, separating the staccato step from the laughter and noise around her. Cal was coming home cheerful. Yes! He would, of course. But there was more than cheerfulness in that purposeful step. There was the determination to be cheerful and that meant that Cal was not truly happy.

HE came in beaming. The children broke and ran for him.

"Gramps! Gramps!"

Carol and Hugh, Marge and Grant began to sing boisterously, out of tune and out of time, "Happy birthday to you!"

Cal, laughing, joined in, "Happy birthday to me!"

They ended uproariously, pounding Cal on the back.

"Happy birthday to me!" Cal repeated, "And if you don't believe it, just look!"

He held out his left arm. There on the wrist glittered an expensive gold watch.

"Oh, Dad, it's lovely!" "Where did you get it?"

"The Acme Company. Gave it to me, just like that!" Cal snapped his fingers. "Now, at last, they're beginning to realize what they are losing."

His tone was bantering, but under the soft sheath of the gay words Myra felt, rather than heard, a sharp edge of resentment.

"I'll bet they're sorry," Hugh said loyally. "They'll never get another man like you, Dad."

"Carol, want to help me serve?" Myra interrupted. "And Marge, will you get the men and children seated?"

The dinner went off gaily. Cal blew out the sixty-six candles on his cake while the children watched, wide-eyed, their cheeks puffing out unconsciously to help.

Then came the unwrapping of the gifts. The children first.

"Shall we start with the ladies or the babies or the young men?" Cal asked.

"Alphabet! Alphabet!" shouted young Calvin. "That's the fairest!"

"Okay; alphabet it shall be. And that puts you first, I think, eh, Calvin?"

Calvin giggled and handed out his package. Cal unwrapped it and exclaimed happily. "Just what I wanted! A scrapbook!"

"Well," Calvin explained to be sure his grandfather understood, "you're always saying that you never have time to take care of all those newspaper clippings you've got stacked away in shoe boxes. So I thought that now . . . ." He hesitated, looking up at his grandfather.

"Now I'll have time, eh? Well, that's right. And I'll make those clippings one of my very first projects."

Elspeth, next in line, came forward shyly. She handed the small

package to her grandfather, saying, "So you can still dress up and always look nice at Church or when you go downtown."

Cal's arms went around the little girl. "You know what your old Gramp likes to do, don't you, honey?" He held the gaudy tie up for all to admire.

ONE by one the gifts were opened. They were all thoughtful presents, selected carefully to help Cal fill up those looming days ahead. After the children's presents, Cal was dragged out into the yard, and there, in the trunk of Hugh's car was the special gift—an electric shopsmith, with all sorts of attachments. The men, Hugh and Grant, dragged it out and began to explain it excitedly.

"We'll help you set it up, Dad. There's plenty of room in the basement. You can have a real workshop down there," Hugh offered.

Cal walked around the machine, studying it thoughtfully. "I've never dreamed of having such wonderful equipment," he said at last. "No more makeshift work for me. Why, I can do anything with this. Thanks, all of you. You're wonderful children."

Myra, at first tempted like the others to get something for Cal to use during his retirement, had finally decided it would be better to give him the same kind of present she had always given. So she had recovered the old-fashioned organ stool that he loved. The plush cushion was worn and shabby. Myra had found some velvet in the same shade, and had made a new top, edged with gold-colored fringe. It was handsome enough to go with the old organ, its wood polished beautifully by Cal's loving hands. And it was still old-fashioned enough to be in harmony with the instrument.

Myra watched her husband's face anxiously as he unwrapped the ungainly package. When his eyes lighted up in the old way, she knew she had chosen right.

"Myra, darling, it's handsome! Maybe sitting on that stool I can compose."

Then, as he slipped his arm about her and kissed her, he whispered, "You and Elspeth—you have a special gift of understanding."

After the women had washed the dishes and straightened the rooms, the crowd played games and sang songs. Cal proudly sat on his newly covered organ stool and called his family around him. The old organ, its voice mellow with age, responded to Cal's gentle hands, and they all began to sing the old songs, united in heart and harmony.

Myra, looking at her family, felt tears close to the surface. Who said modern children don't like the old things? the old tunes? the simple joys?

It was late when the family all left, and Myra was alone with Cal.

"It was a wonderful day," she said, looking at his tired face.

"Wonderful." he agreed. "But it seems to be the end of something. What am I to do now with all my time?"

(To be concluded)

The Land Is Still

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

In peacefulness I ride the road of night—
Mile after darkened mile clip off unseen;
No rain accompanies me, no moon-hung light
Plays down where ranch fields lie in hidden green.
The land is still: no wakeful winds confer
With wayside shrubs; no mockingbird lets ring
His sweet arpeggio. Naught save the whir
Of tires gives voice to sound unraveling.
Far, far I ride, where silence beds the earth,
Where I, alone, have not succumbed to sleep;
And yet, through hush, I sense the pulse of birth,
Know day will bring fresh fruits for man to reap.
In faith I watch dawn's color-promenade,
And know anew the glory that is God.

Meet Mother, Jody

Rosa Lee Lloyd

JODY looked out of the kitchen window at the big amber-shaded sky. The sun over Centerville was exactly the way Ted had told her it would be, a bright shining symbol blessing the whole town and especially beaming its glory on Number Nine, Peach Street, where his mother lived alone in the old home since her four sons had married.

She lifted the bottle from the refrigerator and poured three glasses of homemade tomato juice and knew, with a little pang, that Ted would say it was the *best* tomato juice in the whole world because his mother had made it!

If just once, she thought with a wistful sigh, she could do something as well as Ted's mother, she would think the Centerville sun had decided to include her in its blessing. Ever since their marriage a month ago in Salt Lake City, he hadn't missed an opportunity to praise his mother. She was the best cook, the best housekeeper; she could mend a snag in a pair of trousers so well you couldn't see it, and she could sing like a robin. No one in Centerville had ever sung a funeral solo better than Emma Harrington. No one ever felt he had laid away his loved one properly unless she sang at the funeral.

Jody hadn't met Ted's mother until last night, for she had been ill at the time of their marriage in the temple, and she expected also to meet his brothers and their wives for the first time at luncheon today. to smell, she thought. She couldn't blame Ted too much for loving it so.

She and Ted had come to this small Wyoming town—Ted's home—to be here for Aunt Kate's funeral at two o'clock that afternoon. Aunt Kate was the oldest of all the Harringtons and they had loved her dearly. Yet it seemed strange to be meeting Ted's family for the first time on such an occasion.

Jody's pretty brown eyes were moody as she put the glasses on a tray and carried them to the breakfast room where Ted sat at the table preparing a speech for Aunt Kate's funeral.

She could hear Emma talking on the telephone in the hallway. She had decided to call her Emma, because she couldn't make herself say Mom.

Each of Emma's daughters-in-law telephoned her every morning, Ted explained, because they loved her. Jody was reserving her opinion until she saw for herself.

Ted looked up as she put the tray on the table.

"Ummm!" He smacked his lips. "Mom's tomato juice!"

JODY pretended not to notice as she sat down opposite him. She was hungry, and she liked the odor of freshly baked bread. At any moment Emma would bring in the scones that were simmering in the big frying pan on the range. This home smells the way a home ought way. "Oh, yes, she's really a little

Emma's voice came from the hall-beauty. Big dark eyes, sort of an upsy nose, a cute smile, and such a winning way. You girls will simply love her!"

Ted beamed with pride.

"She means you, Monkey Face," he whispered. "I should go in there and tell her you didn't even want to meet my folks!"

"You wouldn't dare," Jody challenged him.

Emma's voice came again.

"Yes, Teddy will say a few words. He was one of Aunt Kate's favorite nephews, the youngest."

Jody wanted to laugh. Ted was six feet tall, with shoulders like a hod-carrier and he looked every day of his twenty-five years in spite of his blond curly hair that wouldn't stay crew-cut, but Emma called him Teddy and looked at him with shiny lights in her blue eyes as though he was one year old and had just spoken his first word.

She bit her lip, wishing she hadn't come up here with Ted. She should have stayed in Salt Lake City where she had that singing engagement on television with the girls' quartet she had belonged to since she was in school. She wanted terribly to do something to make Ted realize he hadn't married a little nobody.

She had taken singing lessons and had sung in the choruses in high school and Church, and she could sing like a robin, too, even though Ted couldn't or wouldn't recognize her ability to do anything.

Jody sighed as she looked across the table at him. She wanted him to treat her the way he treated his mother, as though he'd like to put a crown on her head and kiss her feet!

Ted had already used a couple of scratch pads trying to write something appropriate for Aunt Kate. He was really working hard on this speech, Jody thought, as her eyes caressed him.

Emma's voice came again, humble and sweet.

"I would love to sing the solo, Lillian, but you know my voice isn't what it used to be."

A little pause, then: "You're nice to say that, dear. Then we'll see you for luncheon."

There was the sound of quick footsteps to the kitchen, and a minute later Emma came in with a heaping platter of scones.

Ted tossed his pencil over his shoulder, rubbed his palms together, and beamed up at his mother.

"Scones!" he breathed. "Thanks, Mom!"

Jody felt a combination of amusement and irritation. You'd think he'd married a girl who was a failure when it came to cooking.

SHE nibbled her scone silently. They were something to rave about, and the strawberry jam was heavenly, but, after all, Ted didn't need to make his mother think he'd been starving since he had married her. He was gulping his food like a hungry puppy.

She looked up from her plate to meet Emma's bright blue eyes. She was a tall, rangy woman with the kind of sandy hair that doesn't show the gray. Her mouth was soft and gentle as though she was used to smiling, but her chin was square and strong. Even though she was near-

ly sixty, her eyes were young and twinkly — and very kind. But now a little worried frown puckered her reddish brows as she looked at Jody.

"I should have asked you what you like for breakfast," she said. "I'm right ashamed of myself, Jody."

Jody tried to smile. "The scones are good," she murmured.

"Good!" Ted exclaimed. "They're the tops, Mom. The very tops!"

Emma turned to Jody.

"I told the girls this morning that I would ask you to make our main luncheon dish. Alice will bring the salad, Peg the rolls, and Lillian the dessert. Make anything you'd like to, Jody. Maybe something you've fixed for your daddy?"

Jody hesitated. She could make a luscious shrimp creole, but maybe Emma didn't have any shrimps, and there might not be a fish store in Centerville. But everyone raved about her shrimp creole.

Her lips folded in determinedly. She'd like to show Ted Harrington she could cook something his family would like.

"I make a nice shrimp creole," she offered, "if you have shrimps."

"I do." Emma glowed. "In the freezer. Lucky I picked up a few packages last week."

"And mushrooms — and pimentos?" Jody questioned, eagerly.

"We can get them at Barton's grocery. Teddy can go over."

"That's crazy!" Ted broke in. "Who wants a shrimp creole? I'd rather have Mom's bread and a piece of cheese than all that fancy stuff."

"Teddy! That's enough!"

Emma's voice was a whiplash. Jody's throat tightened, and for a long, breathless moment there wasn't a sound in the little room. Emma Harrington had reared four sons alone, and each one was a credit to her, but Jody realized now that it hadn't all been smooth sailing. Emma knew how to command.

She glanced at Ted. His head was bent and his mouth was a sulky pout.

"Okay," he said, shrugging his big shoulders. "We'll have shrimp creole."

Jody felt her cheeks burn red. "No we won't!" she said, fighting the tears back as she got to her feet. "I wouldn't . . . make it now . . . not for a million dollars!"

SHE didn't look at either of them as she left the room and hurried out into the garden. She shivered in the cool morning breeze as she sank onto the stone bench in the rose arbor. It was chilly for early September, and even the sun had disappeared behind a big grayish cloud.

But the air was flower-sweet, and her eyes drank in the clustered beauty of the old garden. It had a charm all its own as though each bush and plant had been loved and cared for by tender, capable hands. Emma's hands, no doubt, she thought begrudgingly.

Her throat pinched in. What could a new wife do when she had such a capable rival? That silly little quarrel had been entirely Ted's fault; he was the one she should be angry with, and yet the resentment she felt was for Emma. It was ridiculous to feel like this when it was Ted who had been so mean.

But he was only being honest because he really did like his mother's cooking better than hers. He couldn't help it. She shouldn't have come home with him, if she wasn't able to take it, she thought.

Her hands clenched into little fists. It would be a long time before she came here again, she resolved. Ted could come alone to visit his mother after this.

She heard his footsteps on the graveled walk behind her, and the next second he had tipped her head back and kissed her.

"Go away!" She pushed at his shoulders.

"Slap my face!" he grinned. "I'm a brute."

"Don't be modest," she mocked him. "You're still a spoiled, pampered child."

"Sticks and stones can break my bones," he chanted as he stood up and pulled her close to him. He nuzzled his face in her dark curls.

"Can't you see I'm sorry?" he murmured.

Jody sighed. She couldn't stay angry with such a lovable boy.

He looked at his wrist watch. "I better hurry over to Barton's for those mushrooms."

"But I won't . . ." Jody protested.

"Oh, yes you will!" he laughed. "Mom has already put the shrimps on the drainboard to thaw out."

He started toward the car in the driveway. "She's waiting for you in the back parlor," he called over his shoulder. "She wants you to practice her solo with her. I told her you were a good music critic . . . ."

"Of all the nerve!" Jody stamped her foot. "I'm a singer—not a critic. Why didn't you tell her that?"

"I did." He laughed. "I told her you were a second Lily Pons!"

Emma turned from the piano as Jody came through the doorway.

"Over here, dear," she called, patting the seat beside her. Her smile was like warm blankets tucking her in, Jody thought. She could really like Emma Harrington, if she wasn't Ted's mother, she admitted with a guilty pang. It's because he's so silly about her that I feel this awful way.

"Good thing you're such a tiny mite," Emma laughed, as Jody sat down beside her, "or this seat wouldn't hold us both." She smiled down at Jody. "We can have a nice hour singing together, then I'll set the table while you make the creole. There'll be plenty of time. No rush or bother."

JODY wanted to say that she wouldn't make the creole, but somehow it seemed petty and childish to say that to Emma.

"Now, let's see." Emma thumbed through the sheet music. "Ted says you sing contralto. I'm soprano. Why don't we harmonize? I'll sing my solo, and you can join in. The melody is easy. You'll catch on in no time."

Jody listened while Emma sang the first verse and chorus in a rich, full voice that had a lovely, warm tone, then she joined in and they sang together for the next hour.

"That was perfect," Emma said as she stood up rubbing her palms together in the same way Ted did when he was pleased with something. "Now we'll have to start luncheon. They'll come in like hungry hounds barking for food!"

An hour later Jody sat beside Ted at the big round table in the dining room and listened while Steve, the eldest brother, said grace in a quiet, sincere voice that made her remember her own home. She wished her father were here today so he could appreciate what a really fine family she had acquired—three brothers and three sisters all at once.

Her head was bowed.

Afterward, as she looked around the table, she noticed the strong family resemblance in Steve, George, Bill, and Ted; they all had long rangy bodies, wide humorous mouths, and firm unyielding chins, but George and Bill had dark eyes and hair, with heavy brows. Ted had told her his father and all the Harringtons had those heavy brows; they were a family characteristic.

Her eyes went to their wives, all mothers now, for each had several children; but they seemed as young as she was, and pretty, too, and full of fun. But the amazing thing to Jody was that each daughter-in-law seemed to share something special with Emma. Ted was right, she was forced to admit, they really loved her. It was in the little glances between them, the roguish smiles, the sort of loving understanding. They seemed to *adore* her!

Jody wondered as she ate her fruit cup (made of fruits from Emma's orchard), if they had ever felt jealous of her the way she did; if each had wanted to hide away where she couldn't be told how wonderful Emma could do things.

"Lovely fruit cup," Lillian was saying.

"Wait until you taste Lil's pie today," Steve broke in. He held his fingers up, measuring. "Custard two inches thick like Mom used to bake for Dad on his birthday; only better, I think."

Jody caught her breath. Surely Steve hadn't said that Lillian's pie was better than Emma's! And Emma sat there smiling, seeming not to care.

"You just wait until you taste Jody's shrimp creole," she said. "It's her daddy's favorite dish."

Jody hurried to the kitchen. Her hands trembled as she opened the oven, lifted out the yellow casserole, and put it in the silver holder. Her eyes glowed with satisfaction as she noticed the golden brown bread crumbs on top and the delicious aroma.

She placed it carefully on the mat in front of Emma and sat down again beside Ted. Her fingers laced together in her lap and excitement was a tight knot inside of her.

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"Ummm! Serve it, Mom." "I'll take a big plate of that." "Don't be stingy when it comes to mine!"

EMMA gave each one a generous portion. Jody took a quick nibble. It was good. Extra good, she thought, with a thankful sigh. The best she had ever made!

She glanced sideways at Ted. He was telling Bill about a golf match he had seen, and he wasn't even noticing the shrimp creole on his plate.

Peg came in with the hot rolls and passed them around the table. Steve, Bill, and George took two apiece, but when she came to Ted, he winked up at her and shook his head.

"I'll skip those," he said. "I've been saving a space for Mom's bread for a couple of weeks. Forgive me, Peg."

Jody pretended to eat, but she could hardly swallow. Ted didn't intend to eat the creole. He would just let it stay there on his plate!

She saw him stand up, then mutter, "Excuse me, folks," as he hurried out to the kitchen.

"Up to his old tricks," Steve commented. "When is he going to grow up?"

Lillian smiled at Jody. "This creole is wonderful, Honey. They couldn't do better at Antoine's."

"They couldn't touch it," Alice agreed with a hearty smile.

JODY hoped she looked gay and appreciative, but she was terribly afraid she was going to cry. Ted came back with a big thick sandwich of Emma's bread and cheese.

"As I was telling you, Bill," he went on in his catchy way, "that was a real game."

Everyone seemed interested in what Ted was saying. They make him think he's clever, Jody thought with a little sick feeling. They know he's being rude to me, but they forgive him because he's their brother. They feel sorry for me. I wish I could die.

Then she noticed that Emma was suddenly very quiet. Her chin had squared off and her eyes were steady blue flames, and when Ted said something funny she didn't smile at all.

Jody wasn't sure how she got through the rest of the meal. Ted refused Lillian's pie and made another sandwich instead.

Emma tasted the pie and smiled at Lillian.

"Steve is right," she said. "You have improved on mine."

"But yours is good, too, Mom," Steve insisted with a kindly smile that included both his wife and his mother in its caress.

How did Lillian do it? Jody wondered. How did she manage to win Steve's admiration and yet keep Emma's good will? And Alice and Peg had accomplished the same thing. But how? How? She must know even if she had to ask them.

Everyone helped to clear the table and wash the dishes. Even Ted.

Then Lillian suggested that Emma lie down on the couch for a rest and ushered everyone into the living room with her.

"You must feel tops when you sing today," she said. "Folks here expect it of you, Mom. And especially at Aunt Kate's funeral."

"Thank you, dear," Emma answered. "But I don't need to rest. You see, I don't think I'll sing the solo today."

Ted swung around as though he'd been hit in the back.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You always sing it, Mom."

"Not today, Teddy. I want Jody to sing it for me today."

Emma's voice was very gentle and coaxing, but her eyes had fierce little glints in them. They wouldn't take no for an answer.

Jody drew a long quivering breath. No one spoke, but glances went from one to the other like tracer bullets.

Emma touched her hand. "I'm counting on you, Jody," she said.

"I'll try," Jody managed, weakly. "But Ted—"

He shrugged. "You'll have to, now Mom has asked you," he grumbled.

Jody blinked her eyes, wishing he would smile about it instead of acting as though the sun had suddenly faded from the skies!

AUNT Kate's funeral was in Centerville's new chapel. It was filled to capacity by the time Emma and her family arrived.

Seats had been reserved for them, but after Emma's whispered explanation to the usher, Jody found herself seated on the stand beside Ted and the others who would take part in the service.

This must be a bad dream, she thought as she wet her lips. Her throat felt dry as ashes.

This is Emma's place, she thought. Instead, she was seated on the second row between George and Ted, and everyone wondered what had happened. Emma's face was pale and her mouth very firm.

The service began with a tender, heartwarming prayer that made Jody feel better. Then the speakers told of Aunt Kate Harrington's devotion to her Church and her community.

"Aunt Kate was a loving wife and mother," Bishop Phillips concluded, "and she enjoyed every day of life here in Centerville. But she was very, very old, and only last week when I called to see her, she told me she was ready to go whenever the Lord sent for her. She died as she had lived, with a prayer in her heart. God bless the memory of such a splendid woman."

And then he announced that the solo would be sung by the wife of Aunt Kate's youngest nephew, Mrs. Edward T. Harrington.

Jody knew she must stand up, but she couldn't move.

Ted looked at her. "This is it, Honey," he urged. "Come on. Everyone is looking."

"Ted—I can't!"

"You have to. What will Mom say? Now stand up!"

Jody felt him push her to her feet. She swayed a little and rubbed her hand across her eyes. The organist began the prelude. Her throat tightened.

And then she saw Emma lean forward, and her smile was a radiant message reaching out to her. Emma's eyes were brimming with love and encouragement, telling her she could do it. Emma was helping her.

Jody began to sing, softly at first. Emma nodded approval, and Jody's voice grew strong and steady and, by the time she reached the chorus, she was singing with her heart, and her tone was clear and beautiful.

She sang both verses and the chorus twice, and when she sat down Ted's arm went around her lovingly. His eyes were beaming as though he had just noticed something very special about her.

"You were wonderful," he whispered. "The way Mom used to sing when she was younger."

Jody's heart winged with joy. Ted had said that. She bent her head, fumbling for her handkerchief. *Ted had said that!*

The family went back to Emma's home after the funeral. The

neighbors had prepared sandwiches and salad and cherry punch.

Jody was glowing with the praise everyone had given her. Emma held her close and told her she was very proud of her. Ted's brothers patted her shoulder and pinched her cheek, and Lillian, Alice, and Peg showered her with compliments. And there was a new wonder in Ted's eyes when he looked at her.

But there was something in the glances the daughters gave each other that Jody couldn't understand. She was sure the three of them had some sort of secret.

She went thoughtfully upstairs to the bedroom and changed into a blue house dress. When she returned to the kitchen the girls were whispering together near the window. Emma was in the living room visiting with her sons.

They hadn't heard Jody come in, so she stood quietly in the kitchen doorway outside their circle.

"Mom was wonderful today," Lillian was saying.

"She surely was," Peg agreed. "And what she did reminds me of the day Bill snagged his new suit. He was so stubborn about it, said no one could mend it but Mom. We drove all the way up here late at night and got Mom out of bed to mend it. I can see her now, looking at Bill with those steady glints in her eyes. She told him she wouldn't mend his trousers any more now that he had a wife. So I mended them. No more fuss after that!"

They smiled together. Then Lillian said: "You all heard Steve rave about my pie at luncheon. I can thank Mom for the day she asked me to make it for the first time."

"And the turkey episode!" Alice chimed in. "None of us will forget that Thangsgiving when she asked us up here early in the morning and insisted that I cook the turkey. George was real cross about it, but it turned out okay and he has liked my turkey ever since."

Lillian's mouth curved gently. "But what she did for Jody today was really a sacrifice. Asking her to sing the solo at the largest funeral in Centerville!"

Peg said, "I knew she meant to do something when Ted acted that way about Jody's creole."

"But her solo!" Alice said wonderingly. "That is her dearest accomplishment!"

"And Ted is her dearest baby son," Lillian reminded them. "She knew it would take something special to wake him up."

A little sob caught in Jody's throat. Emma had let her sing the solo so Ted would appreciate her.

The girls turned around, and Jody smiled at them. They reached for her hands and drew her into their circle, and their twinkly eyes told her she was now one of them.

And Jody knew, with a grateful sigh, that she could call Emma "Mom" after this. She was one of her daughters!

Leland Van Wagoner

THE COLEMAN HOME, MIDWAY, UTAH

A Home Where Past and Present Meet

Dorothy J. Roberts

PAST and present meet in this old house in Midway, Utah, to make a place of comfort and charm. Wired, plumbed, carpeted, and heated in the modern manner, the spaciousness and beauty of another century are made available here. Its sole architect, builder, and craftsman, and its first owner was the pioneer Bishop John Watkins, who, before his emigration from England, was a prosperous and well-known architect. The house, of beautiful proportion and balance, is built in the English style and set back in the lot for privacy.

The grace of eighty-six years is in this beautifully preserved dwelling, and on its lovely next owner, Mrs. Coleman, widow of Bishop Henry T. Coleman, of Midway, Utah. Lethe Coleman Tatge, present owner, is the daughter of these pioneer Colemans. "We will call her, our first daughter, 'Lethe,' after the river of forgetfulness," announced her father. "In her we shall forget our sorrows, our mistakes, and our regrets, and have a new life as those were reputed to have done who entered the legendary river of long ago."

Every inch of the stately red and white exterior of this home is paint-sealed against the elements—the hand-pressed bricks, the stout granite cornerstones (to preserve the contours), the lacy wood cornices, hand-carved in the manner of a Swiss chalet. The

house stands in a setting of spacious, raised and sunken green lawns, shaded by immense spruce and fir trees.

All through the dwelling the old and the new blend into a rare livability — new type springs and mattresses modernize the flawless antique, burled walnut and "butterfly" iron beds.

Indicating the cozy parlor, Mrs. Coleman said, "One of the charms of an old house is the private parlor. We have driven our young lovers into the streets because they have no place at home to court."

Plying her needle to a crazy patch cushion, Mrs. Coleman continued, "And you don't have to throw old things away to have a charming home. The children in our day were not destructive. They lived and enjoyed a place, but never wantonly destroyed."

Consequently, the interior of this place is enhanced with its original, hand-carved woodwork and handmade chairs (copies of some owned by Brigham Young), with priceless, old wedding presents of colored glass—purple, cranberry, emerald, blue. Unbelievably intricate hand-sewed quilts, put to constant use, grace the beds over harmonizing dust ruffles. And tales, fascinating tales, are woven around all, shimmering tales of pathos, love, courage, conquest, and everyday living.

On the threshold joining the parlor and the modernized dining room and kitchen, stands Lethe, with her heritage of the old and the new. At the wide front door, happily at home in the lovely atmosphere, two young boys ring the bell. "Is Lethe in? Tell her that her Sunday School class . . ." Their faces are alight with an unconscious trust and love.

Leland Van Wagoner

A VIEW OF THE PARLOR IN THE COLEMAN HOME

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE FAMILY KINGDOM: Contemplate as one may the results of a training from childhood to old age of one who never heard with father and mother, one word of discord, who never saw the least variance or disagreement; but whose every act and word proclaimed unmistakably that love's strong bond was never weakened, but strengthened by the trials, sufferings, and adversities of life. What a lesson of example it would be for the rising generation to follow, and of whom it might justly be required that honor be given to father and mother, as unto God.

—S. W. Richards

RELIEF SOCIETY IN BUNKERSVILLE, NEVADA: We have a Relief Society organized here and in good running order. We have our monthly testimony meetings in which our much loved little paper is read with pleasure . . . . Sister Mary Bunker and myself take the *Exponent* together, and we feel as though we could not do without it.

—Harriet M. Earl

Beautiful Hands

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all . . . .
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad . . . .
But oh! beyond this shadowland,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear! . . .

—Selected

LETTER FROM FAR OFF MEXICO: I feel more settled and contented than I have for many years. I love the creations of our God in their wild grand beauty, and this is as lovely a place for an inland town as I ever have seen. The valley is almost a perfect circle set in a frame of evergreen trees . . . . This certainly is one of the choice places the Lord has held in reserve for some wise purpose . . . it seems to me from the works of nature, and the spirit of the Almighty that I feel here . . . that the powers of Satan will get no stronghold . . . .

—S. E. Russell

COOKING IN AN ELECTRIC OVEN: A well-known writer on the chemistry of cookery has given it as his opinion that the perfect arrangement for an oven would be the radiation of its heat from all sides. This is now done in an electric oven which is having a large sale in London. The process is said to produce a cooked meat absolutely wholesome and extremely appetizing . . . . The heat is turned on at any part merely by the movement of a switch . . . . The comparative coolness of the outside of the oven is a singular feature; as the chef remarked at a recent dinner: "You could sit down on the oven while you roast inside."

—Boston Traveller

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DONNA TURNER SMITH, a highly trained young pianist, wife, mother, and an active Latter-day Saint, was recently piano soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Playing Grieg's "Concerto in A Minor," she won enthusiastic reviews from leading San Francisco critics. A native of Los Angeles, Donna gave her first recital at eight years of age and has continued to win awards and scholarships. Her husband, Morris M. Smith, also an active Latter-day Saint, is a graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy.

LUCILE PETRY LEONE is the only woman in the United States who holds the rank of Admiral. She is Chief of Nurses in the United States Public Health Service. Since 1949 she has been a supervisor of nursing in sixteen public health service hospitals.

SIRIKIT (meaning "Famed for Beauty"), twenty-three-year-old Queen of Thailand, bore, last April in Bangkok, her third child—the second daughter. Her husband, King Phumiphon ("Strength of the Earth") Adundet, was born in Massachusetts, U. S. A.

REBECCA FRANKLIN (Mrs. Ward Morehouse), free-lance writer, is the author of "A Mighty People in the Rocky Mountains," an article appearing in the *New York Times* Magazine Section, April 3, 1955, and re-printed in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*, April 23. It is dignified, exceptionally well written and well organized.

ANNA PERROTT ROSE is the author of *The Gentle House*, a tender, sympathetic, humorous story of the rearing of a displaced, war-buffeted Latvian boy in America.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Mary E. S. Calkins, Sheridan, Wyoming, ninety-eight; Mrs. Mary E. Hendry, Salt Lake City, ninety-eight; Mrs. Georgienne M. Walters, Big Lake, Minnesota, ninety-four; Mrs. Rozella Stringham Grant, Glendale, California, ninety-three; Mrs. Minnie P. Brown, Coalville, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Alice Jones, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Mary Ellen Bell Jensen, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Ida May Lowry Allen, Salt Lake City, ninety; Mrs. Mary Krogue Madsen, Preston, Idaho, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 AUGUST 1955 NO. 8

Family Patterns

WHEN riding in an airplane, the earth patches of different colors, each one denoting a particular situation and condition, become merged into a composite pattern. Viewed from such a perspective, small, individual plots of land become a part of a picture which may be classified generally as fertile or barren, wooded or desert, thickly settled or sparsely populated.

So it is with families. The individual characteristics and differences become merged to form a definite family pattern. Each couple entering into wedlock begins a family pattern of their own. Hour by hour, day by day, and year by year it is formed, made by their individual thoughts, hopes, and beliefs transmuted into family behavior, standards, and actions. Families come to be noted either favorably or unfavorably for their attitudes, convictions, and practices, and a certain response may be expected when a family pattern is known.

A young girl comes to her marriage formed by her girlhood family pattern; the young man has been formed by his, and the two are now to begin one of their own. One advantage of a reasonably long period of courtship is that it affords time for the discovery of the other's traits, disposition, beliefs, and habits. There is an opportunity for discussion and planning as to the pattern the young couple wish to develop in their own family-to-be.

A family prayer may hallow the conclusion of the very first day of their marriage, as they unite in thanksgiving and humble supplication that their family pattern will fulfill the requirements for eternal joy and felicity. In the days and months ahead, continuing, daily, family prayers help clear away misunderstandings and problems as they arise, and tend to melt animosities and hurt feelings.

Under such conditions the pattern which emerges probably is marked by faithfulness in the payment of tithes and offerings to the Lord, in performing temple work—a pattern designed to encourage cheerfulness, thriftiness, and consideration and love. The living power of parental example is calculated to hold the children safe within the borders of the pattern. If parents refrain from criticising and passing judgment on others, while at the same time sharply defining the proper conduct for their own children, an attitude of charitableness toward fellow man is established.

As the shadows of life lengthen, one becomes increasingly aware of the great and lasting values of life. They tower in the family pattern far above unessential attributes, and,

as the new family grows, grandparents and great-grandparents have a "grand" part to perform in helping to strengthen the families being established by their sons and daughters. Relieved of providing for the physical and material wants of their grandchildren, they have the leisure and desire to hedge around the young with painstaking teachings of spirituality. Thus the family patterns of two and three generations are merged into a greater and deeper one designed to fit into the everlasting celestial family pattern.

—M. C. S.

Admission to the Dedicatory Services of the Temple in Berne, Switzerland

The limited space available at the Temple in Berne, Switzerland, and the necessity of making provision for the attendance of our missionaries and saints in the various European missions have required that admission to the dedicatory services be restricted only to those who bear non-transferable cards issued by the European Mission presidents.

In order to obtain one of these cards, it will be necessary for each visitor from wards and stakes who desires to attend a dedicatory service to present a recommend from his or her bishop, endorsed by the stake president. If the visitor is from a mission outside Europe, he must present a recommend signed by the president of his branch, endorsed by the president of the mission.

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

July 8, 1955

Repentance

Jean Mattinson

Give me thy peace by waters still
Known only by thy precious will.
With broken heart, and soul contrite,
I pray thee, be my guiding light.

Do You Serve Five-Star Meals to Your Family?

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
Utah State Agricultural College

EVERY military man recognizes the superior status of a five-star general. The fact that he is one, eliminates all need for questioning his right to the highest regard that can be given a member of the military forces.

If there is questioning of and lack of respect and appreciation for the meals you serve your family, it could be that they are not all "Five Star" in rank. Add interest to the game of meal planning by scoring the meals you serve over a period of a week or so. If very many of them score less than five stars, resolve to elevate them in rank at once. It needn't add to the cost in either time or money. It will return to you rich dividends of satisfaction in knowing that you are serving meals that are packed with appetite appeal as well as health-promoting nutrients.

Five-Star meals are scored as follows:

Contrast in flavor	20 points
Contrast in texture	20 points
Contrast in color	20 points
Contrast in temperature	20 points
Contrast in concentration	20 points

To help you get started in playing this game of preparing five-star meals, so you will always be a winner, here are some of the secrets:

Fresh, tart fruits, tangy sauces, herbs, flavorful meats and vegetables are pleasing flavor contrast with bland foods such as bread, cereals, rice, potatoes, and macaroni.

Crisp toast, bacon, raw fruits and vegetables, and other "chewy" foods are pleasing texture contrast with soft foods.

Deeply colored fruits and vegetables, garnishes and, for special occasions, an unusual flavor provide color contrast when served with less colorful foods such as potatoes and gravy, cauliflower, lima beans, etc.

One hot dish, even in midsummer, adds to the appetite appeal of an otherwise cold meal. The same is true of a chilled dish along with many hot dishes in mid-winter.

A fruit or tossed vegetable salad is low in food concentration. Serve as an accompaniment some protein food. This may be in the form of an open-face meat, fish, or cheese sandwich, strips of cheese, slices of cold meat, or a rich protein casserole dish.

Five-Star Menus

Breakfasts

1. Sliced oranges, whole-wheat toast, poached egg, and milk.
2. Berries on ready-to-eat cereal, whole-wheat toast, eggs in the shell, and milk.
3. Tomato juice, whole-wheat muffins, omelet, and milk.
4. Canned plums or berries, oatmeal, cream, whole-wheat toast, and milk.
5. Baked apple, poached egg on toast, and milk.
6. Stewed prunes, bacon, waffle with jelly or honey, and milk.

Luncheons

1. Cold turkey or chicken sandwiches, molded cranberry salad, celery, baked apple, and milk.
2. Creamed chopped beef, baked potato, vegetable strips, canned fruit, cookie, and milk.
3. Vegetable beef soup, bread sticks, cabbage slaw, and cookie, milk.
4. Split pea soup, carrot and raisin salad, bread and butter, apple sauce cake, and milk.
5. Toasted cheese sandwich, celery and carrot sticks, apple dumpling and cream, milk.
6. Vegetable soup, crackers, cottage cheese-pear salad, gingerbread, and milk.

Dinners

1. Stuffed peppers (meats, rice, tomato), baked squash, raw vegetable salad with French dressing, hot roll, apple Betty, and milk.
2. Swiss steak, mashed potatoes, beets, green salad, whole-wheat bread, ice cream.
3. Stuffed pork chops, baked potatoes, parsley-buttered carrots, cabbage-pine-apple salad, sponge cake, lemon sauce.
4. Tuna noodle casserole, frozen peas, tomato aspic salad, bread, milk, apricot upside-down cake.
5. Liver and onions, creamed potatoes, pickled beets and celery sticks, bread, milk, canned fruit, and cookie.

Down Summer Lanes

Gertrude T. Kovan

In memory my feet retrace,
Old paths forgotten on the way
Where heavy-laden trees embrace
The fertile land—this summer day.

I hearken to a rustling breeze.
Between tall stalks of ripened wheat,
Finding new happiness in these,
Which make my summer days complete.

Down summer lanes my feet restore
Spring's promises from winter rain,
Knowing this shall remain no more
When autumn has returned again.

Light Bulbs

Elsie Scott

I pressed the electric light switch, but no light came. On investigation, I found one minute wire in the light bulb was broken. Until the wire had broken, the bulb had given forth bright light—lighting a whole room, and even people outside could see the light and, perhaps, be guided by it.

Are not our lives like that? If we are obedient to all the principles of the gospel, our light shines in our homes, in our Church communities, and even the people outside see our light and may be led to inquire into the source of it.

But just one of the commandments, one small wire broken, and the light that should be within us, fails to shine, and those whom we could guide are lost. Let us then handle our "light bulbs" with care, that they may be kept intact, and our light so shine that those who watch us (and others do watch whether we are aware or not) may have the desire to walk with us after the pattern of the Savior.

The Last Clearing

Florence B. Dunford

I remember the time we were trapped by the big fire. Uncle Stanley, the father of Theodore, and Homer, had come over from their ranch a couple of miles away, to help Father build the extra room. Mother, who was expecting a baby, had been worrying for fear the baby would lisp like Jinny, who was seven, and Father was afraid it might have red hair like Jinny's, which he didn't care about. So, to take both their minds off their worries, Father had decided to build this extra room.

Uncle Stanley and Theodore were helping Father cut the trees to make the logs to make the extra room to make Mother happy. And, as usual, Uncle Stanley also had brought Homer along.

It was about three-thirty on a Wednesday afternoon in mid-July. Everything was hot and dry. Father, who always had several schemes going at once, had the idea of clearing out some of the old brush and burning it, as they hewed the trees. It was Uncle Stanley who had the notion to start at the farthest distance from the house and then work toward it. They called the spots where they worked, "the first clearing," and "the second clearing," etc. The one they were currently working on was always "the last clearing."

By now we could see "the last clearing" from the house. It was just down the slope. Once in awhile we would catch sight of Theodore as he sawed or chopped with the axe.

Jinny and I were keeping watch over Homer—I was ten that summer—when, suddenly, Theodore appeared.

"We need Nig," he said.

Nig was his spotted pony. To my knowledge no one ever rode Nig but Theodore, except once. That was the time when Homer had fallen from the stump and sprained his ankle. We had been caught there beside the river and night had been falling. Finally Jinny had tricked the pony into thinking it was Theodore on his back. And in that way we had brought Homer and ourselves home.

"Please let us go back with you," we begged now. Just to walk beside Theodore was Jinny's and my idea of heaven.

Theodore eyed us. Theodore was about fourteen. He had thick fair hair, very straight, and blue eyes. He wore high top boots and strode.

"What about *him*?" He meant his brother, Homer, of course.

When Uncle Stanley came to help Father, he had to bring Homer. The moment he arrived he handed Homer over to Father. Father gave him to Mother. Mother passed him on to me. The truth was, of course, that no one wanted to watch Homer. And that was because, while he was six years old, he was always falling and bawling.

Theodore now eyed Homer sternly. "Wipe your nose," he ordered.

Although every morning Aunt Mae, Homer's mother, gave Homer a clean, white handkerchief, he didn't use it.

"With your handkerchief."

"It's too clean," Homer said.

"He's always bawling," Theodore told me.

I couldn't go without Homer. He was my job.

"I never bawl unless I'm hoort," Homer protested.

"That's right," I said. "Homer never does bawl unless he's hurt."

"And then everybody comes running," Theodore said, his eyes smiling a little.

"Because they know he's hurt. He's not like the shepherd boy who called 'Wolf' so often no one believed him. Homer never cries unless he's hurt."

"And then how he yowls," Theodore said in his dry way.

THE three of us, Jinny and Theodore and I, eyed Homer. He was wearing faded bib overalls. His stomach stuck out, and one of his suspenders had come undone. As usual, both of his shoestrings were untied.

I bent down hurriedly and began to tie them. It was true what Theodore said about Homer's bawling. He had a most peculiar cry. The only way I can explain it is that it started way down in his chest and sort of barreled its way up, the way a donkey must do when he brays.

Homer's weeping had much the same sound as a donkey braying. Father claimed that when Homer fell and hurt himself over at their ranch, we could hear it over at ours. It was a rasping, carrying sound. And, as I said, when people heard it they ran toward it, because Homer never cried unless he was really hurt. And everyone was so careful with him he never got hurt except when he hurt himself—which he did by falling.

"The problem," I said now, straightening from tying his laces, "is to keep Homer from bawling."

Father especially had a dread of hearing Homer bawl. Just the sight of us showing up down at the clearing with Homer would make Father very cross. And that would make Uncle Stanley cross, and then Uncle Stanley wouldn't come, and Mother wouldn't get her room.

"Maybe Uncle Fred would look out for him," Theodore said.

Uncle Fred was our old bachelor uncle. He was out back now working on the chicken coop.

"Oh, no!" I said. Uncle Fred, I knew, wouldn't think of watching out for Homer. Just that morning I'd heard him say, "Keep that boy out of my sight. I can't bear hearing him yowl."

"I'll watch out for Homer," I said now. "Homer, you promise me you won't bawl?"

When he nodded solemnly, I went on, "Jinny, you take one of his hands. I'll take the other."

Father and Uncle Stanley already had their piles of brush burning merrily by the time we reached the last clearing. Only, we didn't discover that this wasn't really the last clearing, and that they had already moved on, until it was too late.

FOR a minute it seemed as though we were in a great round room, maybe a castle. Uncle Stanley and Father had very carefully raked the piles of brush away from the stumps, so that they made a great circle, with just a narrow strip for a doorway.

"Where are they?" Theodore cried. "They were just here. Take Nig's reins."

And he began racing around the clearing trying to see over the flames which were growing hotter and hotter and leaping higher and higher in a kind of dancing devilish-glee.

Nig was trembling. "Whoa, baby," I said. "Let's get out of here!" I called to Theodore. Jimmy and I were still holding Homer's hands tight. "Let's get out of here!"

Theodore was coughing from the smoke when he came back to us. And at that moment it happened. A tall, spindly dry tree that Father somehow had missed or left standing for the fun of it, toppled, right across the narrow doorway. And there we were, hemmed in. Trapped.

"We'll have to jump over it!" I screamed. Because surely even though it meant being singed, it was our only way out.

"We'll have trouble with Nig!" Theodore shouted.

He jerked the reins from my hands, and Theodore, who was always calm, went tearing round the clearing again. Plainly he was in a panic. Our castle was getting smaller and smaller, for by now some of the stumps were catching fire.

"We'll have to leave Nig here," I screamed at him.

Even while I spoke I saw it was too late for that, too. The whole tree that had toppled was afire now. The dry leaves and sprigs on either side were flaming.

Suddenly I thought of a way out of our desperate situation. Turning to Homer, I cried, "Homer, start bawling. Homer, start bawling!"

Homer's face was red and smudgy from the heat of the flames and the fine ash was sifting around us.

"I promised," he said stubbornly.

I grasped him by the shoulder, shook him a trifle. "Homer, bawl. Father and Uncle Stanley can't be far. They'll come running, and Uncle Fred.

"Homer," I cried again—I was frantic myself now—"we'll all be burned to death! I release you from your promise! Please bawl!"

"Aw right. I'll try." He swallowed, and I saw he was trying. He made funny up and down sounds in his throat. But no real yowling came out.

"I can't," he said. "I can't bawl unless I'm hoort."

THAT was true, I admitted, desperation seizing me. Homer had that peculiarity. He couldn't cry unless he was hurt.

It didn't occur to me even then that I should hurt him. From long practice we had been so careful with him. I turned my attention back to Theodore.

"You'd think they'd see the flames from the house!"

"Your mother's taking a nap and Uncle Fred would never look up from his chicken coop!"

"Where are our fathers?" I cried.

The smoke was burning my throat and eyes. The flames were hot on my cheeks. All around us, the smell of burning wood, that would soon be . . . soon be . . .

"How do I know where our fathers are?" Theodore cried wildly. "Maybe just a few feet away. They're watching the fire."

"Watching it!" I screamed. "They'll watch us burn!"

Theodore grasped my shoulder. "Stop that. They can't see us, of course. They don't know we're here."

"Well, what. . . ." The words stopped in my throat.

From behind us came an odd, almost horrifying sound. Homer was bawling.

"Ye-oww, ye-owww, oww," he barreled. And with each yowl the sound came forth louder and more rasping. "Yee-ow. Ye-owwww. Ow!"

Theodore and I ran over to him. Jinny was already there. For that instant we almost forgot the flames. Homer was hurt.

As usual, I saw, Homer had hurt himself. But this time on purpose. Behind my back he had climbed on a high stump. And then pitched forward on his face.

We helped him to his feet. But still the loud, donkey-like braying rolled up from his chest. He was crying because he was hurt! And, like us, he had almost forgotten the fire.

DOWN the slope from the house we saw Uncle Fred come running, and behind him Mother with some blankets. And then Uncle Stanley and Father were there, too, stomping on the flames, throwing dirt. And in moments there was a path out of our burning castle. And Jinny and Homer and Theodore and Nig and I were safe.

"Homer saved us!" I announced a few minutes later when we were all grouped together in the dooryard.

"Wipe your nose, Homer," Theodore said sternly.

Homer got out his clean, white handkerchief.

"Homer's a dear," Mother said. "From now on he can cry as much as he pleases." And not minding her "condition," she lifted him in her arms, pressed her lips against his cheek.

"I never cry unless I'm hoort," Homer reminded us stubbornly.

"That's right," Father said.

He and Uncle Stanley, now it was all over, looked pale and weak. "It can't be a really bad thing to howl when you're hurt."

"The problem," Theodore said, "is to keep Homer from hurting himself."

"No," I said. After what we'd been through, I felt I could speak as a grownup. "I think the problem "is to keep Homer from hurting

With that everybody agreed. But no one—not even Homer, who had taken on a very important stature in our sight—could at the moment find the answer to that.

After the room was finished, our baby turned out to be a boy. He had very black hair and mops of it. When he was nine months old he could say "Mama" very clearly. By the time he was a year old, he was saying "Cathy," which is my name, and we gave him "Homer" for a middle name.

Chokecherries Meant Adventure

Nell Murbarger

EXCEPT for half a dozen gooseberry bushes and a short row of pieplant, our homestead in the High Plains country was completely barren of fruit, either wild or domestic. Not that we hadn't planted fruit trees with dogged persistence and the hope that springs eternal; but either the jackrabbits girdled them, or the cattle and horses ate them or tramped them, or they were winter-killed. As a result of these recurrent disasters, the only locally grown fruit I knew as a child was that provided by the thickets of wild plums, chokecherries, and buffalo berries, which grew in the sheltered "breaks" on the Indian reservation, half a day's horse-and-wagon drive to the east.

Due to the pressure of haying and other work that fell in midsummer, Father never felt we could spare time for more than one fruit-harvesting jaunt each season, and, with our entire year's supply of jam and jelly contingent upon the success of that single trip, it was necessary that the time element be calculated with a neat degree of precision. Should we go too early, the chokecherries might be ripe, but the later-maturing plums would almost certainly be hard and green. If we delayed too long, on the other hand, the plums would be ripe, but the best of the chokecherries would have fallen prey to other pickers and to the great flocks of birds that came to feed on them.

But, finally, a date for the trip would be selected, and daybreak of the chosen morning would find us hurrying excitedly with last minute preparations. Breakfast would be eaten by lamplight, and, while Father harnessed Mike and Lady to the farm wagon, Mother and I would be packing a hamper with boiled eggs, potato salad, fried chicken, and all the other savory morsels necessary to picnic lunches. A "stone" casserole of beans, baked the previous afternoon, would be reheated and wrapped in many thicknesses of newspapers and cloth—a sheathing which aided admirably in keeping the container and its contents warm through all the hours until noon.

By the time the sun peeked over the horizon, we would be well on our way, the horses trotting briskly in the cool air, their hoofs ringing musically and striking little spurts of dust from the hard dirt trail that wound across the prairie.

Long before arriving at the chokecherry breaks, we would cross the boundary of the Indian reservation and soon would be traveling through a strange region quite different from our homestead where the grassy, level plains spread away almost as far as the eye could reach. Here the soil was limey-white, rather than the deep black of the prairie loam, and there was but little grass. There were short, choppy gullies and box canyons, and, rising abruptly from the sun-swept alkaline flats, were many queerly eroded buttes and knolls.

IT would be nearly noon before we reached the vicinity of the cherry patch. After the horses had been unhitched, watered at a small milk-colored seep, and tethered in the sparse coolness of a thin cottonwood tree that grew beside the spring, we would spread a blanket in the narrow strip of shade cast by the wagon, and there would feast on the bountiful picnic lunch packed at daybreak and keenly anticipated through all the hours and miles traveled that morning.

With the lunch remnants at last returned to the wagon box and each of us armed with several clean flour sacks to hold our berries, it remained only to hike back into the rough limestone breaks to the tangled thickets of small, crooked trees. Once we had reconnoitered the area to locate the "best" picking, work got under way.

Not all chokecherries gathered, of course, found their way into the sacks, a goodly number being "processed" on the spot. The first berries eaten seemed a trifle bitter and puckerish, but this factor became less obvious as we continued to munch on them. Eventually, any suggestion of unpleasantness was lost altogether, and our taste buds registered only their spicy, rich flavor. As we worked, our hands and lips became darkened with stain, and the sides and bottoms of our cloth sacks were soon dyed with royal purple juice.

As we collected the long, thin clusters of fruit, we were conscious of a throbbing life all around us—a thicket world quite different from the grass-and-sun-and-sky-world of our homestead, only thirty miles distant. Thousands of unseen locusts, or cicadas, as we called them, were busy scraping their little leg-fiddles—their notes, at times, sounding alarmingly like the rattling of rattlesnakes. Every now and then a robin would fly out of the brush, the plaintive calls of bob-whites and mourning doves issued from the thin line of cottonwoods fringing White River.

AFTER we had picked possibly two hundred pounds of chokecherries, we would load them in the wagon, cushioning the sacks on a bed of soft prairie hay, and drive on up the ridge a mile farther to a hidden box canyon which I liked to pretend was known to us alone. Here the attraction was an acre-sized copse of wild plum trees. There were two varieties, one bearing tart red fruits the size of hickory nuts, and the other, yellow plums large as a pullet's egg and syrupy sweet.

The small trees were crooked and angular, their every twig terminating in a sharp, spine-like projection, which clutched savagely at our sunbonnets and dresses, and made passage through the tangled thicket impossible to any but the smallest animals. Because of this factor, the greater portion of the fruit was destined to fall to waste; and even now, all through the grove, we could hear ripe plums thudding on the matted leaf mold below.

Higher on the sides of the box canyon grew scattered buffalo berry bushes armed with dagger like thorns, bearing small gray leaves and red fruits not much larger than the head of a match and too sour to be eaten out of hand. Although

appetizing jelly could be made from the buffalo berries, alone, their chief value lay in providing pectin to "jell" the chokecherries. Fortunately for the pickers, a gallon bucketful of these was usually deemed sufficient.

After camping out that night—cooking our supper over a campfire and sleeping under the friendly stars, then cooking our breakfast the next morning—we would make the long, hot drive back to our homestead in the forenoon of the second day. Due to the bruising the chokecherries would have received while being carried in the flour sacks and during the bumpy journey home, it would be necessary that they be worked immediately. The afternoon of our return would find us busily picking over the previous day's harvest, throwing out stems and leaves and wormy fruits.

WITH the sorting operation completed, the remaining good cherries and plums were next day cooked in dishpans and kettles until tender, after which the juice was strained through a jelly bag suspended from a harness ring fastened to the kitchen ceiling. Combined with the buffalo berry pectin and proper quantity of sugar, the juice was then boiled briskly until reaching the jelly stage, whereupon Mother poured it into steaming glasses and set them aside to cool.

The residue left in the jelly bag was then run through the colander to remove seeds and skins, and this pulp was combined with sugar and set on the back of the wood stove where it was permitted to simmer slowly for hours, all the while blubbering like a kettle of hot mush and perfuming the house with its tangy, sweet fragrance. As the "butter" thickened with boiling, it was necessary that it be stirred with ever-increasing frequency; but, at last, the mixture would be judged thick enough to keep, and Mother would ladle it into stone crocks and pour hot paraffin over the top of each to seal it from the air.

Final operation of the preserving process was to label the hundred-or-more glasses and jars and carry them down cellar, where they were neatly arranged on shelves lined with clean newpapers whose edges had been paintakingly notched and scalloped with the scissors.

Last formality of the annual jam and jelly making operation, was to place one attractive glass of each variety on a special shelf in the cellar for exhibition that autumn at the harvest festival.

On another homestead several miles distant, lived an old widower who helped us each summer with the hay harvest. The first day Mother baked raised bread after the jelly cooking, she would always give "Uncle Jim" a pan of hot biscuits and a jar of chokecherry butter to take home for supper. Father always declared—with a wink in my direction—that Mother didn't do this becaue of any charitable impulse, but only because she liked to hear Uncle Jim's boast that nothing short of the ambrosia could ever taste quite as good as her chokecherry butter and hot raised biscuits.

"Funny part of it is," Father would say, as he buttered another crunchy biscuit and reached again for the jam dish, "I suspect old Jim's right, at that!"

Mary Elizabeth Felts Has Made Four Hundred and Eighty Quilts

MARY Elizabeth Felts of Fort Tuthill, Arizona, is eighty-one years old, but she still remembers the colors and the designs of many of the estimated four hundred and eighty quilts she has completed. All of the quilts have been pieced by hand and made with great care and precision. To her, a beautifully pieced quilt is a symbol of home and homemakers, a handicraft that should never be forgotten among women who love their homes. Twenty-four of Mrs. Felts' quilts have been donated to the Church Welfare Plan, and twenty have been given to the Relief Society, four of these being contributed to the Sixth Ward in Phoenix, Arizona.

Mrs. Felts has also a second hobby. She raises many varieties of beautiful flowers, doing all of the digging of the soil and irrigating the flower beds. Her favorites are tulips, poppies, snapdragons, and geraniums. Flowers, like quilts, are of exquisite design and color, and Mrs. Felts loves to see them grow under her watchful care.

A member of the Church since 1919, Mrs. Felts was converted in the Texas Mission and later moved to Arizona. She is the mother of six children, grandmother to six, and has eleven great-grandchildren. A widow since 1924, she now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Leo Kappes, at Fort Tuthill, just south of Flagstaff, Arizona, in the Snowflake Stake.

Hermanas

Chapter 2

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: The story "Hermanas" (sisters) is narrated by an American woman living temporarily in Mexico. Lolita, a Mexican woman, visits the American Senora and asks for employment for herself and her daughter Graciela, who is almost eighteen, a beautiful girl, well educated, and deserving the opportunity of living in a good home, which Lolita, now a widow, cannot provide for her. The American Senora explains that she is well satisfied with the household help she already has. However, she hesitates and wonders if, perhaps, there is not some way that she can help Graciela. She learns that the mother and daughter had known Mormon missionaries.

THE girl's erudition surprised me. She knew three foreign languages and the history and literature of those countries almost as well as she knew her own Mexican history. There was a mature intelligence behind her childish front.

"What are you prepared to do, or what did Senora Urbina plan for you when you finished school?"

"She wanted me to be able to earn my living in a better way than my mother. I was to be one of the new women of Mexico." Her face was very grave.

"How do you propose to do it?" My eyes sought hers with equal gravity.

Her laughter was sweet as a silver bell. "You will think me foolish, Senora, but I will tell you. When I was sixteen I wanted to be a great star of the cinema — one who would play first in a small South American cinema, then be seen by a great American director who would summon me to Hollywood. There I would make so much money that I would live in a Hollywood palace and my mother would have a servant for each day in the week." Her eyes danced with laughter. "That was when I was sixteen, Senora."

"Now that you are almost eighteen, what are your ideas of a profession?"

"I have more practical ideas now." She folded her hands demurely in her lap.

"Like what?"

"There are perhaps two things I could do to earn money soon. And I must be quick, Senora, for I do not want to become a servant, and I must care for my mother as well as myself."

"And the two things?" This girl, I thought, knows what she is about more than her mother realizes.

"The first is easy. I could become a saleslady in a department store. My English would insure me a place and the other languages would help."

"But do you want to become a salesgirl?"

"No." She said it with decision, her face dark. Then with mercurial quickness, she rocked in gay mirth. "Have you seen some of them, Senora?" She stood up, raising her head with exaggerated pride. "The girls with their haughty manners, their queenly carriages?" Walking across the garden, she imitated the

haughty mien of a would-be-lady. More than once I had trailed meekly behind such proud creatures. I laughed until the tears came.

"I would have to gain many pounds, and besides there is little pay to it." Quietly she sat beside me. "It is all right for the girls who do not have the great necessity, but I must earn more soon." Her eyes, dark and deep as a child's, sought mine, asking. After a long look she seemed satisfied and leaned against the pomegranate tree, her dark braids touching the cool tile of the bench.

"If it is possible, I do the second way, the way of the typewriter. You understand?"

I nodded.

"Not just ordinary work with the typewriter, that would not pay enough, and I would be very bored. I must be a secretary, a confidential secretary, no?"

MY sigh was one of relief. The girl was practical, she had brains, and she had charm. Now, if she had the necessary skills.

"Can you type, can you take dictation? Typing and dictation will open the first doors."

"In school for two years I have typed. I can take dictation in Spanish with a little practice, for it comes easy to me. But now," she leaned forward, her whole desire in her eyes, "it is necessary that I go for awhile to a good business school where I type and take dictation in English. It is the English dictation that will get me the good work. I need, too, a typewriter for the practice at home. I need also clothes that I will look like a girl from families who go to work only to get independence from home."

She slid from the bench and stood before me. "You see how I dress, Senora?" There was bitterness in her voice, in the taut lines of her slender body. "How can I make these dreams come true?"

She asked the question of herself, not of me.

"I am, at last, in Mexico, and there is a good business school on Insurgentes. To get it I have only to ride on the red bus for a few minutes. I could even walk from here. But to get to that school on Insurgentes I have to cross a barranca that is as deep as it is wide. I can find no path and there is a raging stream at the bottom."

"In my country," I said, hating myself for my triteness, "we say there is no gulf so wide nor so deep that we cannot cross it, if there is a will."

"I know," she sighed, her body drooping. "I have read your stories. When I heard your missionaries talk at Buenos Aires, I felt I could do anything." She passed her fingers, brown and tapering, over her eyes. "But now it is dark. I think and I think; yet I have not found a way." She looked like a woebegone child.

"Once, Senora, I thought I had found the way. I said I would go to the school and promise to work for the manager or the teachers until my debt was paid, though it would take a long time. But my mother says it is impossible, that if I start doing housework, as a servant, I end there. I am so limited."

"Does your mother have any money saved or friends she can ask?" I knew that was foolish, even as I asked it.

"We have been a long time absent," she said, answering the last question first. "My mother was able to save, though you know the wages of servants, and the Senora was kind, but her death came so suddenly. The boat home cost money, then the operation, and the living until we came here. There is little left."

"The Senora de Vargas, would she help?"

"She is a widow and has many problems, and we are not of her family. I must find another way."

NOW, I have the rash, Irish disposition that will take on anything. Caution whispered that often as not my plans did not work, that other people did not see eye to eye with me, but I led, chin out, with, "Do you really want to do this? You are serious?"

"As serious as life itself."

I had enough caution left to say I must talk with John, my husband, before I made any promises. "I think, however," I added slowly, "we can work something out. The tuition, how much is it a month, and how many months will you need?"

The amount she named was formidable, until I translated the pesos into dollars.

"I would work day and night to finish quickly. And I am quick." She tried hard to control her eagerness.

"I think I may have a plan, but we must not be too sure. We are in very modest circumstances, but if my husband agrees, we may find a way to pay your tuition, and you may use my typewriter, starting today, for practice."

"If you can make such a plan come true, I will do anything for you, anything! It is the truth I speak."

"I wouldn't ask you for everything. Neither do I believe you should accept without due returns. Perhaps, you can give me a few hours each day with the children, take them to the park, read to them in Spanish."

As I spoke, I decided she must have at least one meal a day with us, to fill out her spare little body. Then some agreeable work could be found for Lolita. The Beemans, friends of ours in San Angel, had been unable to get a satisfactory nana for their small son. They might like Lolita to care for him part of each day. She could live at the old home and cook for Ramon.

Clothes? It was wartime and my wardrobe was small. We would buy some Mexican material for skirts and blouses, and a few cottons for the warm days. Lolita should be able to sew. In my mind I parted with a light jacket. In this I was not entirely unselfish, for it was on the small side.

When Graciela tried the jacket on she was ecstatic, pushing the too-long sleeves up and down, and twirling right and left before the long mirror in the closet door. "It is perfect, Senora, perfect!" After another long look of admiration in the mirror, she sighed happily. "Or it will be when my mother has ad-

justed the sleeves." She stroked the collar with loving fingers. "I had never hoped for anything so elegant."

Shyly she advanced towards me, rubbing the material with loving fingers. "The other clothes you spoke of, Senora, would they, too, be fitting to my years?"

I assured her they would be, then we came to the problem of shoes. Graciela's were worn huarachas. I thought of my American friends who had ridden the bus to San Antonio to buy American shoes, and felt they had saved money. Graciela would have to buy the stiff shoes in the market until she earned her own money. As to stockings, I closed my eyes. Only a spendthrift or a millionaire would buy the gossamer silk ones Mexico offered.

I sighed. "One thing at a time. We will worry about stockings when you get the shoes. And it is foolish to talk of anything until I have el Senor's consent."

ON Lolita's last Sunday at the de Vargas house, we were able to make the long drive to Church. She rose with the dawn that April morning to have her dinner ready at the usual hour of two. Up and down the street the servants were aware of Lolita's plans. The maids lingered on the sidewalks over their brooms. Others gave the grass unneeded waterings and the chauffeurs were a long time polishing their cars.

Mother and daughter radiated happiness. Lolita wore a neat, dark dress and a little black straw bonnet. Graciela was pretty in a new cotton frock with a design of blue flowers. She had her new shoes, but her stockings were faded ones of cotton. They sat straight and smiling in the back seat of the car, responding like royalty to the hand waves as we progressed towards Avenida Insurgentes.

I can see the meetinghouse so plainly that the walls of my own chapel fade away and I am again in the intense, golden light of the oldest city on our continent. The chapel, new then, was as unlike the domed and spired cathedrals of Mexico as is my religion from the traditional one of the centuries. It was a modest building with the usual rostrum and side aisles with no decorations save the fresh cut flowers and the cleansing sunlight that poured through the clear windows. There was also the smaller hall and the kitchen, in addition to the class rooms. About it was no dank smell of centuries. It was a church for today, clean and practical.

On the grass in front of the chapel was an unwanted contribution, some mango seeds carelessly dropped. I saw an irate member of the Church grumble to himself as he stopped to pick up the huge seeds. When he straightened, I was met with a smile that was big as all outdoors. It was Roberto, who owned the fruit stands I patronized. It had not taken me long to discover his oranges were the sweetest, his fruits the soundest, and his prices not subject to haggling.

"Un hermana, usted?" He doffed his hat and bowed low over my outstretched hand.

"Why have I not seen you here before?" My astonishment equalled his.

There was a twinkle in his respectful eyes. "In part, it is because you do not come often. The other part is that I am not often here. It is the pressure of making a living, you understand, Senora, the hour for Church comes when my customers are the most pressing." He swept us into the chapel, leading our group into a prominent front position.

The congregation? It was Mexican, of the new Mexico that calls all strains of blood, all races born under the flag, Mexican. There were the reboza-wrapped women, hatless, with their hair either in long braids or coiffed low, their infants snug in their laps. Then there were the quiet-faced women dressed in black, hats covering their thick coils of hair. There were men in the clean blue cotton clothes of the people; men in neat business suits and white collars of the business class, office workers, and people of the professions. Scattered about were the young missionaries from the North, comely girls and bright-eyed young men. There were the prosperous looking tourists who had given a Sunday morning of their scant time, and there were the North Americans, residents of the city, and law and medical students from the North.

One young man I could not place. He seemed American, tall and straight, but with dark hair, olive skin, and blue eyes in an intelligent, sensitive face. He was a stranger, and, yet, too much at ease to be a tourist.

It was a happy gathering. We sang the familiar music to Spanish words that gave the hymns a more poignant meaning. Some of the speakers spoke to us in English, and had their words translated so quickly into fluent Spanish by el Presidente that they gasped in astonishment. When the services were over, we moved slowly to the front lawn and into the shade of the pepper trees, shaking hands all the way. The wife of the mission president, petite and fair-haired, made her way towards us, the mysterious young man at her elbow.

"You must meet one of our members from the States," she said, taking my hand in warm welcome. "He is Dr. James Flores who is studying at the University of Mexico, and expects to practice here."

THE young man flushed and extended his hand. I thought him young to be a doctor. "La Presidente elevates me too rapidly," he said, as his hand grasped mine, "for awhile yet, the title is only mine by courtesy."

"You have no need for modesty here," I said smiling. "Titles are highly valued and used often."

"I know," he replied, turning to me after he had greeted John. "I am in a way a native, though I have been a long time away." He told us that his mother was a Mexican girl who had married his father on one of his visits to Mexico, and that his father's people were Mexican by way of California before the Revolutionary War. He had lived in Mexico when he was a child, but his father had returned to the States during his seventh year. He was a 4-F, a minor thing, but the services would not have him, and now that his father was dead and his mother

long gone, he had come to Mexico to finish his medical training and do some special research. "My mother gave me a great love for Mexico," he said, ending his short saga.

"But why finish here?" I asked. "Would it not be better to do it in the States?"

"It would be my last year there, but, here, I will take longer." He was eager to explain. "Here I can make it on my own. I'm lucky because of the research work. It got me a laboratory job at the hospital and supplies my room and board there. You'll have to excuse my babbling." He flushed again. "I guess it's because I haven't had a chance to talk to an American woman for so long." He glanced at the small figure of la Presidente, surrounded by members. "At the Mission Home they've been kindness itself, but I've been too busy to go there for weeks."

Graciela, who had been standing quietly behind me during all this flow of words, came forward, her eyes big in her lovely, eager face.

I introduced them, speaking in English, and wondering if her vocabulary was good enough to have caught all we had said.

"I know about you." She looked up into his face. "You are like me, of Mexico, but we have lived elsewhere."

Jim Flores, who had looked at her as a man looks at an attractive child, opened his eyes and saw the woman whose words no longer left them strangers.

"I think I have always been of Mexico," he said in Spanish, "but it is only lately I have come to understand. Now I am happier for it."

"Then you have come home. I am glad, for I, too, am just come home." Her hand still rested in his, and it was in that moment that the seeds of their love were sown.

(To be continued)

Would You Find Peace?

Gene Romolo

Would you find peace?
Then stand amid stark quaking aspen trees
And hark to their tranquility of tone,
When their bright leaves are jostled by a breeze . . .
Behold dawn raise the windows of the day,
And light arrange its great lamp on the sill . . .
List to bubbling brooks with pebbles play.
Peace lingers long beside a bloom-banked rill.
Seek for peace when day's end has gone down
Below a pastel tinted horizon.

Peace on earth is an illusive thing,
Much like a bird continuously awing.

Whole-Wheat Bread

Jessie Nellis

Makes 2 large loaves, pans 9½x5½x2¾ inches, or 3 smaller loaves, pans 8½x4½x2½ inches.

Measure 7 c. whole-wheat flour
1 c. white flour into a 3-quart mixing bowl
Crumble 2 cakes fresh yeast in small bowl or cup
Add 2 tbsp. sugar
Mix in large 3-quart bowl
Beat well in a separate bowl
4 eggs
Add ½ c. dark syrup
1/3 c. powdered dry milk
½ c. cooking oil
1 tbsp. salt
yeast and sugar, Stir with spoon until like syrup, then combine mixtures and add 2 c. warm water, alternately with as much whole-wheat flour as the beater will take nicely.

Stir in the remaining whole-wheat flour with a large spoon. Use white flour to knead bread on the board, turning dough onto canvas-covered, floured board. Knead until smooth and springy.

If electric mixer is not used, beat the eggs well in a large bowl with rotary beater, and stir in remaining ingredients well.

Place in a large greased bowl or container and cover with dry cloth. Let rise until double in bulk. The dough will rise at any regular room temperature, but more quickly at 80° to 85° F.

Turn dough onto kneading board, knead down, and divide into two or three parts, according to the size of pan used.

Roll dough with rolling pin into rectangular shape, turning over once or twice, to remove bubbles. Fold one-third of dough from each end back onto itself, pressing firmly together, keeping corners square. Roll dough into loaf, rolling gently but firmly with hands to insure uniform texture. Place loaf in well-greased pan and cover with a dry cloth. Let rise until 1 to 1½ inches above pan. Place in 400° oven for 5 minutes to spring loaf, then reduce heat to 325° F., baking larger loaves 50 minutes more, and smaller loaves 40 minutes more.

Three Little Sisters

Dora Toone Brough

Last night I was baby-sitting
To Julie and Jolee, age two;
And darling Patricia just half-past three—
Her eyes are delphinium blue.
I sang, then told stories and cuddled;
They kissed me and laughed with glee,
Heaven opened real wide to Grandma,
For three angels sat on her knee.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Muriel S. Wallis

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), ASHLEY WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE A ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR NINE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Nellie Kloeppel; Phidelia Anderson; Sarah Smith; Elmaide Freestone.

Second row, seated, left to right: Kathleen Allred; Annie Morrison; Flossie Pace; Stella Freestone; Irene Karren.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nellie Gardiner; Mary Kidd; Nellie Merkley; Beatrice Harrison; Flora Winn; Alene Swett.

Eva Mecham and Elva Deans were not present when this picture was taken.

Other wards which were honored at a visiting teacher convention held February 13, 1955, were: Naples, with one hundred per cent for seven years; Vernal Second Ward, one hundred per cent for six years; Lapoint, six years; Davis, three years; Bonanza, Vernal First Ward, and Maeser, one hundred per cent records for one year.

Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

ENSIGN STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), SOUTH TWENTIETH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PAST PRESIDENTS AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Center table, right, at the far end of the table, Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor in the general presidency of Relief Society; third from Sister Sharp (in light-colored dress), Josephine Folland, Secretary; Myrtis Thompson, First Counselor; Emma Buckmiller, President; across the table, at the left front, Carma Manwaring, Second Counselor.

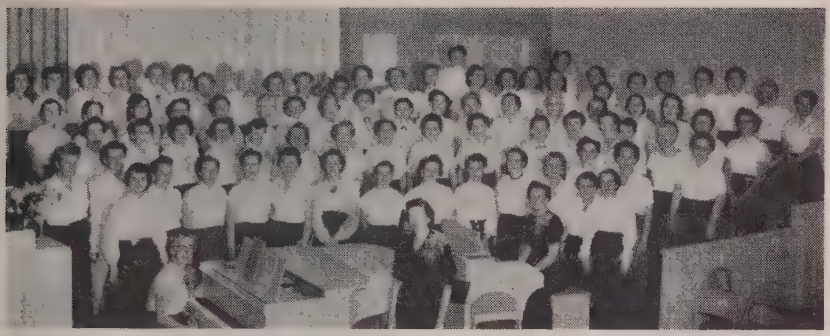
Vivian R. McConkie is president of Ensign Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rose B. Brimley

MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY HONORING PAST PRESIDENTS, March 17, 1955

Left to right: Mildred B. Jarvis, social science class leader; Opal John, *Magazine* representative; Rose Brimley, Secretary; Zelda Merritt, First Counselor; Esther Miller, President (cutting the cake); Willa Gray, Second Counselor; Davida Dalton organist; Marva Addington, chorister; Ivern Openshaw, literature class leader; Hazel Cook, visiting teacher message leader; Della Standage, theology class leader.

Rose B. Brimley, Secretary, Maricopa Stake Relief Society, reports: "On March 17th, we honored the seventieth year of the stake organization. We called our program 'Through the Years' and honored each president. Those still alive represented themselves, and the others were represented by members of their immediate families. Sister Mildred B. Jarvis wrote the history of the stake from its organization in 1885. The program was very successful and brought together many old friends of past years. Following our lead, quite a few of the wards wrote the history of their organizations and honored their past presidents."



Photograph submitted by Alice Alldredge

LAS VEGAS STAKE (NEVADA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 24, 1955

Lucy Bunker, stake chorister, is standing in front of the piano; Fern Olive, pianist, is seated at the left; Kathryn Bleak, organist, seated at the right.

This chorus is composed of eighty-three women, and includes representatives from each of the fourteen wards of the stake. Some of these women had to travel more than a hundred miles to participate in the chorus.

Alice Alldredge is president of Las Vegas Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Verny J. Olson

SOUTH SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, center, reading from left to right (in dark dresses): Nancy Olsen, stake chorister; Virginia G. Johnson, stake organist; Verny J. Olson, President, South Salt Lake Stake Relief Society; Melvina Dust, Second Counselor, at the right on the fourth row.

Once each year this group of Singing Mothers furnishes the music for stake quarterly conference. The group is composed of singers from nine of the ten wards in the stake. Nine stake board members and seventeen members of ward presidencies are among the group.

Photograph submitted by Matilda B. Gilbert

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO), FRANKLIN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Veroka Nash, who served six years; Isabell Lowe, who served as president twice, a total of twenty years; Alice Woodward, who served six years.

Back row, standing, left to right: Stella Biggs, who served for three years; Areta Doney, five years; Elma Porter, present President.

These devoted sisters have served as presidents of the Franklin Ward Relief Society since 1912.

Matilda B. Gilbert is president of Franklin Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Loleta W. Dixon

WEST UTAH STAKE (UTAH), RIVERGROVE FIRST AND SECOND WARDS ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 15, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Bessie Cochran, organist, Rivergrove Second Ward; Veneta Broadbent, Secretary, Rivergrove Second Ward; Gwen J. Christensen, former ward president (Rivergrove), now President, Sharon Stake Relief Society; Beth Mars-

den, West Utah Stake theology class leader; Inez Hindmarsh, West Utah Stake work meeting leader; Ada Jackson, Work Director Counselor, Rivergrove Second Ward; Zelma Killpack, Education Counselor, Rivergrove Second Ward Relief Society; Bishop Wesley Carter, Rivergrove Second Ward; America Perry, President, Rivergrove Second Ward Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President, Relief Society; Estella D. Lewis, President, Rivergrove First Ward Relief Society; Alice Hawkins, Employment Counselor, Rivergrove First Ward Relief Society.

"It was a rare privilege to have President Belle S. Spafford as the guest speaker at our Relief Society birthday party," Sister Lewis and Sister Perry report "The two wards were combined for the occasion, and over one hundred women enjoyed the afternoon together."

Loleta W. Dixon is president of West Utah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Luella C. Ricks

TACOMA STAKE (WASHINGTON), THIRD WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY

March 18, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Ruth Brackenbury; President Edith Reese; First Counselor Jean Ricks; Secretary Ruth Calihan; Margaret Crouch; Ethel Orth.

Second row, standing, left to right: Dorothy Stevens; Rhea Hansen; Della Russell; Elveda Wood; Vilate Bottoms; Luella C. Ricks, President, Tacoma Stake Relief Society.

On this delightful occasion a smorgasbord was prepared for the members of the Relief Society and their partners. A program and games were then enjoyed, using the theme of the first Relief Society organization. The birthday cake was decorated with pictures of President Emma Smith and President Belle S. Spafford. Top hats and bonnets were presented to everyone present.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 34—Political and Religious Disintegration

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Helaman chapters 1-5:5)

For Tuesday, November 1, 1955

Objective: To show how unrighteous desires and acts bring political and religious disintegration, but the Lord is merciful and prospers those who repent.

Struggle Over the Judgment-Seat

IN the fortieth year of the reign of the judges, there was much contention over the judgment-seat. Pahoran had died and three of his sons, Pahoran, Paanchi, and Pacumeni, contended for the position. This created a three-fold division among the people. An election was held, and, according to democratic procedure, Pahoran was elected. But the minority who supported Paanchi refused to abide by the decision of the majority. Paanchi who was seeking to overthrow the legitimate government and thus destroy the liberty of the people, was tried according to the voice of the people and condemned to death, ". . . for he had raised up in rebellion and sought to destroy the liberty of the people" (Helaman 1:8). His followers then sent Kishkumen to murder Pahoran ". . . as he sat upon the judgment-seat" (Helaman 1:9). So speedy was Kishkumen's flight, after the murder, that no one overtook him, and, as he was disguised, he went unpunished and formed a secret combination with his band. Pacumeni was then chosen by the voice of the people to be chief judge and governor over the land.

Moronihah Defeats the Lamanites

The following year the Lamanites armed ". . . with swords, and with cimeters and with bows, and with arrows, and with head-plates, and with breastplates, and with all manner of shields of every kind" (Helaman 1:14), came to battle against the Nephites. The leader of these Lamanites was Coriantumr, a dissenter from the Nephites, and a descendant of Zarahemla. They attacked the city of Zarahemla in the center of the land. Because of their internal conflict over the judgment-seat, the Nephites had neglected to station a sufficient number of guards in the land of Zarahemla, feeling that the Lamanites would not attack it.

In the battle which resulted, Pacumeni was slain by Coriantumr. Not satisfied with the capture of this great city, Coriantumr started

for the city of Bountiful. He captured many cities and strongholds between Zarahemla and Bountiful, for he wanted to obtain the north parts of the land.

Coriantumr's march through the center of Nephite territory gave advantage to Moronihah, leader of the Nephite forces. Moronihah was the son of the former chief captain Moroni. Moronihah, like his great father, was not only a military leader but a man of God. ". . . Moronihah did preach many things unto the people because of their iniquity . . . and did prophesy many things unto them concerning their iniquities, and what should come unto them if they did not repent of their sins" (Helaman 4:14). He brought fresh forces and supplies from the outer strongholds and, ultimately, surrounded the Lamanites. Retreating towards Zarahemla, Coriantumr was slain. The Lamanite forces yielded. "And it came to pass that Moronihah took possession of the city of Zarahemla again, and caused that the Lamanites who had been taken prisoners should depart out of the land in peace" (Helaman 1:33).

Rise of Gadianton Robbers

The murder of Pacumeni and the capture of Zarahemla made necessary the calling of another election in which Helaman, son of Helaman, was raised to the position of chief judge. Possessed of an overweening ambition for power, Gadianton, ". . . who was exceeding expert . . . in his craft, to carry on the secret work of murder and of robbery . . ." (Helaman 2:4) made himself ruler of the Gadianton band which was composed of Kishkumen and his followers. Gadianton sought to place himself in the judgment-seat. Flattered by Gadianton with promises of power, Kishkumen attempted to murder Helaman, and was stabbed in the back by one of Helaman's servants. Helaman, knowing the danger of this secret combination of conspirators, sought to destroy the organization by killing the leaders. For safety, Gadianton and his band fled unharmed into the wilderness.

For three years there was peace, but in the forty-sixth year of the reign of the judges, ". . . there was much contention and many dissensions . . ." (Helaman 3:3) among the Nephites. Dissenting groups left for the land northward to inherit the land.

> And they did travel to an exceeding great distance, insomuch that they came to large bodies of water and many rivers . . . they did spread forth into all parts of the land, into whatever parts it had not been rendered desolate and without timber, because of the many inhabitants who had before inherited the land . . . the people became . . . expert in the working of cement . . . . And the people . . . did dwell in tents, and in houses of cement (Helaman 3:4 ff.).

Peace and Prosperity Under Helaman

Helaman filled ". . . the judgment-seat with justice and equity; yea, he did observe to keep the statutes, and the judgments, and the commandments of God; and he did do that which was right in the sight of God continually; and he did walk after the ways of his father, insomuch that he did prosper in the land.

"And it came to pass that he had two sons. He gave unto the eldest the name of Nephi, and unto the youngest, the name of Lehi.

And they began to grow up unto the Lord" (Helaman 3:20-21).

"And it came to pass that in this same year [49th year of the reign of judges] there was exceeding great prosperity in the church, insomuch that there were thousands who did join themselves unto the church and were baptized unto repentance.

"And so great was the prosperity of the church, and so many the blessings which were poured out upon the people, that even the high priests and the teachers were themselves astonished beyond measure.

"And it came to pass that the work of the Lord did prosper unto the baptizing and uniting to the church of God, many souls, yea, even tens of thousands.

"Thus we may see that the Lord is merciful unto all who will, in the sincerity of their hearts, call upon his holy name.

"Yea, thus we see that the gate of heaven is open unto all, even to those who will believe on the name of Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God" (Helaman 3:24-28).

Nephi As Chief Judge

"And it came to pass in the fifty and third year of the reign of the judges, Helaman died, and his eldest son Nephi began to reign in his stead. And it came to pass that he did fill the judgment-seat with justice and equity; yea, he did keep the commandments of God, and did walk in the ways of his father" (Helaman 3:37).

Dissensions from the Church, murder, and other crimes continued through the period in which Nephi served as chief judge. The rebellious part of the population, however, was slain or driven among the Lamanites. These exiled deserters, hating their Nephite brethren, stirred the Lamanites up to a point where they agreed to unite with the dissenters in a battle against the Nephites.

Again, in the fifty-seventh and fifty-eighth year of the reign of the judges, the Lamanites captured Zarahemla, and ". . . also all the lands, even unto the land which was near the land Bountiful" (Helaman 4:5). The Nephites fortified themselves in the land Bountiful ". . . from the west sea, even unto the east; it being a day's journey for a Nephite, on the line which they had fortified and stationed their armies to defend their north country" (Helaman 4:7).

In the sixtieth year of the reign of the judges, Moronihah recaptured many of the cities between Bountiful and Zarahemla. Commenting on these battles and their consequences, the historian Mormon interpolates:

"Now this great loss of the Nephites, and the great slaughter which was among them, would not have happened had it not been for their wickedness and their abomination which was among them; yea, and it was among those also who professed to belong to the church of God.

"And it was because of the pride of their hearts, because of their exceeding riches, yea, it was because of their oppression to the poor, withholding their food from the hungry, withholding their clothing from the naked, and smiting their humble brethren upon the cheek, making a mock of that which was sacred, denying the spirit of prophecy and of revelation, murdering, plundering, lying, stealing, commit-

ting adultery, rising up in great contentions, and deserting away into the land of Nephi, among the Lamanites—

"And because of this their great wickedness, and their boastings in their own strength, they were left in their own strength; therefore they did not prosper . . ." (Helaman 4:11-13. See also Helaman 4:23-25.)

Nephi Devotes Life to Church

Repentance again brought back to them some of their former prosperity, for they now realized that possible annihilation faced them.

"Yea, they began to remember the prophecies of Alma, and also the words of Mosiah; and they saw that they had been a stiffnecked people, and that they had set at naught the commandments of God;

"And that they had altered and trampled under their feet the laws of Mosiah, or that which the Lord commanded him to give unto the people; and they saw that their laws had become corrupted, and that they had become a wicked people, insomuch that they were wicked even like unto the Lamanites.

"And because of their iniquity the church had begun to dwindle; and they began to disbelieve in the spirit of prophecy and in the spirit of revelation; and the judgments of God did stare them in the face.

"And they saw that they had become weak, like unto their brethren, the Lamanites, and that the Spirit of the Lord did no more preserve them; yea, it had withdrawn from them because the Spirit of the Lord doth not dwell in unholy temples—

"Therefore the Lord did cease to preserve them by his miraculous and matchless power, for they had fallen into a state of unbelief and awful wickedness; and they saw that the Lamanites were exceedingly more numerous than they, and except they should cleave unto the Lord their God they must unavoidably perish" (Helaman 4:21-25).

It was then (in 30 B.C. the sixty-second year of the reign of the judges) that Nephi who ". . . had become weary because of their iniquity . . ." (Helaman 5:4), relinquished the judgment-seat to Cezoram, ". . . and took it upon him to preach the word of God all the remainder of his days, and his brother Lehi also, all the remainder of his days" (Helaman 5:4).

Nephi knew that ". . . wickedness never was happiness" (Alma 41:10), that nations cannot sin with impunity.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Who were the sons of Pahoran who contended for the judgment-seat?
2. What did the secret combination, called the Gadianton robbers, do to injure the Nephites?
3. Which was the most important office to Nephi, being chief judge or high priest? Give reasons for your answer.
4. What causes political disintegration? Religious disintegration?
5. How did the historian Mormon answer this question?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 34—"But Thou, When Thou Prayest, Enter Into Thy Closet, and When Thou Hast Shut Thy Door, Pray to Thy Father Who Is in Secret; and Thy Father, Who Seeth in Secret, Shall Reward Thee Openly" (3 Nephi 13:6).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, November 1, 1955

Objective: To point out that we are admonished to pray in secret and we shall be rewarded openly.

WHEN we were children and had a deep and earnest desire for something—something that at that moment was more important to us than anything else, we did not shout it from the housetops, nor tell everybody about it. Rather, we bided our time. We thought about it, we watched for a quiet moment when we could ask one or both parents to grant to us the thing that we longed for. Sometimes it was a material need or just understanding, or a word of advice. Other times we wanted to express gratitude for many kindnesses, considerations, and indulgences. Any of the above we considered too personal and private for an audience, and so it is with prayer. Our deepest and most serious thoughts whether of pleadings or thanksgiving are between us and our God. Therefore, we approach him in quiet and in secret and in supplication gain a clear channel—a channel always open to us.

The Savior has given us advice on prayer as to how, when, and where to supplicate. The Lord's Prayer found in both The Book of Mormon and the Bible is his pattern—both direct and simple.

We know God sees us as we are and he has told us, ". . . your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him" (3 Nephi 13:8). Secret prayer conveys an honest plea and there is no need for sham or pretense. One can pour out his heart uninhibited in solitude, and this, alone, is good for the soul.

When our freedom and liberty were in jeopardy at the time of the American Revolution, General Washington sought the Lord in secret prayer. He knew no one could help or advise him but his God. He drew away from his associates and laid his problems before his Maker. The answer to that prayer was liberty and freedom.

The boy Prophet of this dispensation, after much thought and speculation, went alone into the woods to pray. His desire for knowledge of his Heavenly Father's will was so sincere and personal that he could only talk it over with him in private. The answer to that prayer brought the gospel of Jesus Christ back to this earth in its fullness. This is a perfect example of both the Prophet and others being rewarded openly, a reward that all mankind may enjoy, if they will but live for it.

It is so easy to go down on our

knees in time of trouble and sorrow and say as King David said:

> Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily (Psalms 102:1-2).

Let us not forget, also, to go to the Lord often and in secret with thanksgiving in our hearts for his loving generosity.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Meal Planning

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, November 8, 1955

A woman can rightfully be credited as being a good cook when she prepares foods and combines them in meals in such a way that everyone at the table eats what he should because they taste so good. One of the important responsibilities of every homemaker is the establishment of good food habits for family members. Well-balanced, properly cooked, attractively prepared colorful meals encourage good food habits.

The secret of successful food combinations lies in the skillful use of contrast.

Contrast in Flavor

Commonly used bland, staple foods, such as bread, cereals, rice, potatoes, and macaroni need to be accented by small amounts of decided flavors. At breakfast, fruit, bacon, or marmalade may serve that purpose. At other meals, sauces, relishes, salads, cheese, and certain vegetables are valued, in part, for the flavor contrast which they provide. A repetition of the same flavor within a single meal is a mistake.

Contrast in Texture

Textures in food are the characteristic qualities that we describe as hard, soft, crisp, chewy, etc. A meal made up of too many dry and crisp foods overtires the jaws. A meal that is too soft gives little sense of satisfaction.

Contrast in Color

For occasional festivity, carry out a color scheme, but let moderation be the watchword. Colorless meals are likely to kill the appetite. A meal of stewed chicken, mashed potatoes, and cauliflower could be made much more appetizing with the addition of a sprig of parsley, or chopped parsley, butter put over the cauliflower, and with a dash of paprika or strips of green peppers or carrots. These garnishes would increase the attractiveness of the plates with little additional labor. A more colorful vegetable would also add to the attractiveness of the plate.

Contrast in Temperature

Cold foods and hot foods served

at the same meal supply attractive contrast, whether the meal is served in July or December.

This difference in temperature is an important consideration.

Contrast in Concentration

Foods which contain large amounts of sugar, fat, or protein are rich or concentrated. Foods which contain a large amount of water or fiber are diluted. The skillful menu planner keeps each in its proper place.

Planning Ahead

An understanding of what is needed to prepare a well-balanced meal and planning ahead add to one's shopping enjoyment and satisfaction. The shopper who can select the right cut of beef for stew will serve a better stew. The shopper who knows the tests for selecting good citrus fruits, vegetables, eggs, and other fresh products will serve meals with more appetite appeal.

Paper and pencil, a chair, a table, and you, make a perfect quartet for pre-shopping savings and sense. You need a rough idea of the family's needs for meals for the next week. Jot down these meal plans for reference before making shopping lists. Then you are ready to match your plans to what are the best market buys.

First, scan the food advertisements in your local paper. Check to see what meat or meats are the best buy, with consideration of what you have served recently.

Having decided upon meats, next choose vegetables to go with them. You may have some canned or frozen vegetables at home, and wish only to buy some fresh ones for a crisp salad. Before buying foods, compare their values according to the number of servings obtainable from each. Cabbage may be for sale at three cents a pound. An average serving of cabbage is one-fourth pound, and the only waste would be about two outside leaves. Spinach may be advertised at two pounds for twenty-five cents. It takes one-third pound of spinach for an average serving. Compare costs of the two vegetables.

Staples are also important. Make a habit of replenishing them before they are all gone.

A young bride had green peppers on her shopping list, priced at twenty-three cents each. She admitted that the price was out of line with her budget, but she said, "I must have one, for my recipe calls for one-fourth cup chopped green peppers." An equal amount of celery, parsley, or onion might have served just as well, especially while green peppers were out of season. A bunch of parsley in your garden during the growing season, and in a pot in the kitchen window other times, can save pennies and contribute much to the eye appeal of your meals.

It is genuine fun to do things when you bring wisdom to the task. As you grow wiser, you will grow richer, because you cannot help but save money as you add up knowledge and apply it in your everyday tasks.

Suggested Activities for the Class Leader

With an actual meal, or with the use of pictures, demonstrate the various kinds

of contrasts in a menu. Visit grocery stores, just prior to giving the lesson, for examples of good buys. Show or tell how each good buy could be used to give eye and taste appeal to family meals.

Discuss the value of the shopping list and how to make and use one. An example might consist of the items needed to make a fruit salad, such as grapes, oranges, bananas, etc.

Note the supplementary material to this lesson in the article "Do You Serve Five-Star Meals to Your Family?" by Rhea H. Gardner, on page 516 of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 50—Stevenson's Prose

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 934-951)

For Tuesday, November 15, 1955

Objective: To gain a clearer understanding of the familiar term "strength of character" by studying some of Stevenson's prose and relating it to his life situation.

EVENSONG

The embers of the day are red
Beyond the murky hill.
The kitchen smokes; the bed
In the darkling house is spread.
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by thy will;
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.
The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

(Text, page 881)

FOR the frail Stevenson death was *the* constant reality, as near to him as the air he breathed, or could hardly breathe. At age twenty-eight he wrote, "If I am spared . . ." and ". . . we theorize with a pistol to our head . . ." (text, page 936). Of the four essays in our text three are dominated by his awareness of age and death. At the age of thirty-four, when most men have scarcely begun to live, Louis wrote his "Requiem":

> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> (Text, page 881)

The poem "Evensong" quoted above states clearly and beautifully his willingness to submit in peace to a death as near as it was unexplained. Although death was thus his constant companion, his acknowledgment of death's presence was always serene, with no bitterness nor panic. For Stevenson to

have ignored death would have seemed to him cowardly and unrealistic, two sins which led his private list.

Stevenson thus granted death its due, *but no more than its due.* He was forced by his own honesty and integrity to face death without fear or resentment or excitement. But his constant affirmation, indeed the essence of his life-message, is that a morbid preoccupation with death must never be allowed to infringe upon the great demand and duty of a life still unquenched. *To live life now,* while it is still ours—this is for him the highest duty. And it must be lived on our own terms: we must follow the truth as we see it. Or, in Stevenson's words, "To know what you prefer instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." The grandeur of man's estate, believes Stevenson, is for man here below to achieve nobleness, unselfishness, kindness, and love *despite* death.

> And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: surely not all in vain ("Pulvis et Umbra," text, page 951).

What greater sin could we mortals commit than to desire to escape death? Never did Robert Louis Stevenson wish to annihilate death; he wished only for the strength and courage to triumph over it. And, most important, he had the brashness, the temerity, the courage to defy death when for him death was the end of all.

The blessed security of an afterlife spent in unison with mate, offspring, and God, is a sublimity Stevenson could not comprehend, nor permit himself. Realize within yourself, for example, how violently you would be forced to redefine life and death and virtue and sin had the following words come from your pen:

> If I could believe in the immortality business, the world would indeed be too good to be true; but we were put here to do what service we can, for honour and not for hire . . . . The soul of piety was killed long ago by that idea of reward. Nor is happiness, whether eternal or temporal, the reward that mankind seeks . . . his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed . . . how can he be rewarded but by rest? (Furnas, *Voyage to Windward,* page 230).

Now we are more deeply prepared to recall two of Stevenson's key-statements: that "man's highest duty is to be happy," and that most of all we should seek in life to gain courage, "courage, the footstool of all the virtues."

Frailty and Courage

Throughout his life Stevenson's body was extremely thin. He never weighed much over a hundred pounds, and he was described as "a bundle of sticks in a bag" (Henry Adams); one who gives the impression that "there is no flesh between his bones and his clothes" (Mark Twain); while Sidney Colvin, his dearest friend, recalled him as "so small . . . you could put your thumb and finger round his thigh." Similarly, all remarked on his gleaming, nervous eyes, his tremendous nerv-

ous energy which caused him to stride about the room while conversing, as if charged with electricity.

In his own physical weakness, then, originated his concern with death, but also from within came his voracious will to live fully and deeply. But let us hear Stevenson's belief as couched in his own condensed rhythmic prose:

> As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.
>
> And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others . . . . So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk . . . . Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?
>
> And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! . . . It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week . . . . Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind . . . . For surely, at whatever age it overtake [such a] man, this is to die young (*Aes Triplex*, text, pp. 944-45).

Descriptive Power

Nor should we be reluctant in acknowledging to Stevenson his mastery of descriptive and narrative techniques. "I know what pleasure is," he wrote, "for I have done good work." His powers of making land and seascape come alive are exemplified throughout his early travel books, his Scotch novels, and in *Treasure Island*, which many claim fits the description of a spot which can be identified on the California coast.

Treasure Island

Louis had always maintained that a map tells more than a book, so when he invented a map of Treasure Island to amuse his stepson Lloyd, Fanny, Lloyd, and Louis' father at once caught the fire of his imagination and began suggesting episodes and characters. Louis loved the story, writing a chapter daily, then reading it to the family each night around the roaring fireplace. First entitled *The Sea Cook*, it was published anonymously, since Stevenson wanted to protect his reputation as a serious writer. He wrote his friend William E. Henley, "If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day." Truer words were never spoken.

Since *Treasure Island* was written, all boys have been deeply grateful to Stevenson for having made it possible for them to be Jim Hawkins, at least for a span of years in their lives. Jim is not only the

hero, but the tool whereby Stevenson gets his story told. And what a story, from the very first masterful sentence:

Squire Trelawney, Doctor Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island . . . keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace seventeen—, and go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

In this brief passage Stevenson not only tells the reader that the boy survives a great adventure; he fills the passage with the magic names—Squire, Treasure Island, Admiral Benbow inn—and words that stir up hackles on any boy's spine: "*brown* old seaman," "saber cut," and "treasure not lifted." And how *really* (and romantically) the old seaman is described:

. . . he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white (*Treasure Island*, 1903 edition, page 3).

The heart of the book, of course, lies in the witty, shifty Long John Silver. Alternately young Jim feels near to him, then fears him. When Jim finally stumbles into the dark stockade, right into the hands of the mutinous pirates, it is Long John who saves him and ties Jim to him as they start out for the treasure, climbing uphill.

The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune . . . . Silver hobbled, grunting on his crutch; his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look (*Treasure Island*, page 249).

When they arrived at the treasure site, they found only grass-covered boards and a broken pick. Sensing trouble, Silver passed Jim a double-barrelled pistol, and the two sidled quietly away from the pirates who:

. . . with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, to dig with their fingers . . . . Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths . . . . it went from hand to hand. . . . "Two guineas!" roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. . . . "You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pig-nuts, [hickory] and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pig-nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream, "mates, do you hear that?" (*Ibid*, pp. 252-253).

Yes, it's good to know beforehand that Jim escapes alive, so real is the scene, the characters, and the hate between them. Yes, all the trick's in the telling, and nobody has ever surpassed such telling of boys' yarns.

Short Stories

In his mastery of Scotch dialect and psychology Stevenson is second only to Sir Walter Scott. Particularly memorable are his haunting "Thrawn Janet," considered by some his best short story, and the powerful courtroom scenes from *The Weir of Hermiston*, both mas-

terpieces of dialect, suspense, characterization, and narrative skill. Furthermore, it is valuable to read his works dealing with his beloved Scotland to remind ourselves that, despite his weak appearance and his dark complexion and artist's haircut, he was throughout his life loyally, thoroughly Scotch to the core. On one occasion in a French cafe when a burly Frenchman said all Englishmen were weaklings, the spare Stevenson rose at once to the defense by slapping his face resoundingly, the usual preliminary to a duel, which in this instance did not materialize.

In his later years one of Stevenson's dearest friends was Henry James, one of the greatest writers of the century. Both these men were pioneers in their ability to "get inside" their characters' complex minds, and to create in words the very real gap between people as they appear and as they really are within their own hearts. Here Stevenson can be found at his best in two of his most skillfully wrought, most terrifying short stories, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Markheim," both considered masterpieces by critics as by the reading public at large.

The Moralizer

In these stories, as in all his essays, Stevenson is always the moralist, always punishing evil and sin which thwarts goodness and reason, always invoking his reader to accept responsibility for his own acts and thoughts and desires, always ready to defend truth and virtue and justice. Here again the stern morality of his Scotch forebears was the ruling passion of his life, not only in his writing but in relation to the world about him. Whenever he saw cruelty or bloodshed or hypocrisy among his contemporaries his boiling blood seemed to flow into his weapon-pen.

Never did Stevenson surpass the moral fervor of his letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu who had publicly disparaged Father Damien of the Molokai Leper Colony for being in "simple truth a coarse dirty man, headstrong and bigoted." The letter from which this quotation was taken was written by Reverend Hyde to a brother minister to protest the erection of a proposed memorial honoring Father Damien, a Belgian priest who had voluntarily joined the leper colony by living amidst them for twenty-five years, lightening their burdens and easing their sufferings. One Sunday, in 1885, his sermon was begun, not with the usual "my brethren," but with the grim "we lepers." Father Damien died two years later of leprosy. When the Stevenson party had passed through Honolulu in 1889 Stevenson had met the Reverend Hyde in his comfortable mansion in Beretania Street; also at this time Stevenson lived for more than a week in the leper colony, and talked with those who had known Father Damien.

When, therefore, this selfless Belgian peasant was attacked by a minister of a rival sect who had never dared or bothered to set foot on the cursed, dreary island of Molokai, Stevenson was outraged. In white heat he defended mortal, fallible Damien as one of the great martyrs of history. He had chosen to become one with lepers while

the Reverend Hyde had practiced his cultural, proper version of Christian charity by ignoring Molokai. This letter, one of the great moral documents in our literature, is to be found in *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters*, Simon Schuster Publishers, 1940, a book found in most libraries.

Stevenson's Prayers

Particularly in the decade following Stevenson's death, in 1894, many excerpts from his "Christmas Sermon" were reprinted. Today he is still widely quoted. Perhaps best known is his definition of success:

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

But, for beauty of form, truth, and soul, consider the following excerpt from his *Vailima Prayers*, a fitting final representative of the essential Stevenson:

We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

Artist, moralist, man of courage and kindness and charm, Robert Louis Stevenson himself is the best proof of his central conviction that "The good heart is all." Truly here lies his noble, enduring strength.

Reprint Permissions

The general board expresses great appreciation to William Sloane Associates Inc., and to Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to reprint the following excerpts from the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson used in this lesson and in Lesson 49 (for October 1955) published in the July issue of the *Magazine*:

Voyage to Windward, by Joseph Chamberlain Furnas, published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York City, New York, 1951.

Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York, 1903.

Excerpts from the following poems and prose works published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York: "My Wife"; "Evensong"; "Requiem"; "Pulvis et Umbra"; "Aes Triplex"; "Christmas Sermons"; *The Weir of Hermiston*.

"For Success" from *Prayers Written at Vailima*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; copyrighted 1904 by Charles Scribner's Sons; 1932 by Lloyd Osbourne.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Discuss Stevenson's philosophy of life as expressed in the excerpt from *Aes Triplex*.

2. Discuss Stevenson as a psychologist; as a moralist.

3. For Stevenson what is the highest good in life?

4. What quality or qualities attract you most forcibly to Stevenson's prose?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 16—The Living Constitution

Eldert Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, November 22, 1955

Objective: To study the reasons and concepts contained within the Constitution which made a strong and stable National Government possible.

Constitution Divinely Inspired

To students of government the genius of the founders in producing the Constitution of the United States is an unending source of wonder and admiration. They produced a document that would serve as a framework of government not only for a Nation of approximately three million people scattered along the Atlantic seaboard from Massachusetts to Georgia, but which would, likewise, serve the needs and exigencies of a Nation of over one hundred and sixty millions spread over a continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico. It seems incredible that the mind of man, unless aided by divine help, could have so successfully and magnificently accomplished this task.

We Latter-day Saints and many others not of our faith, believe that those men did not act out of sources of their own wisdom alone, but were indeed inspired of God. (See D. & C. 101:77-80.)

Crises Facing the Constitution

In our study of the Constitution the time has come when we should give consideration to factors which make the Constitution of the United States the living document which it is. Preliminary to this consideration let us briefly recall some of the crises and difficulties which the American Government, under the Constitution, has been required to surmount.

Enmity to Constitution

In the first place in the very beginning when the Constitution was adopted, it had many enemies. It has been mentioned before that it is even doubtful that a majority of Americans of that day were in favor of its adoption. It was only natural that those opponents should be on the lookout for opportunity to criticize its operation.

National Versus States Rights

Next and even more important was the fact that there were two basic and fundamental concepts of government which were destined to clash in a giant struggle for supremacy. They did clash and that struggle continued until the victor was determined by the Civil War. The concepts of government to which

reference is made are that of a strong central government on the one hand and that of states rights on the other. The struggle was bitter and many times threatened the existence of the Union. The supreme test was, of course, the Civil War and all students of the elementary history of the United States know how close the Union came to an end in that war. We still hear the echoes of that struggle, which spans the entire period of our national history, in our own time.

Thomas Jefferson, a great American, was to become the leader and, subsequently, the symbol of the exponents of the doctrine of states rights. Alexander Hamilton, by instinct and background, was the spearhead of the forces which believed in a strongly unified central and National Government. In the preceding lesson it was pointed out how Hamilton laid the foundation which gave to the Federal Government its strength and stability. The institutions and ideas of Hamilton like those of Jefferson have endured also to the present day.

The average American of Washington's day had almost an inborn distrust of strong government. The thirteen colonies, which finally made up the union of states, were jealous of each other and of their individual powers and prerogatives. Sectionalism was rampant to such an extent that Washington warned of its dangers to unity in his Farewell Address.

Furthermore, local government is always more responsive and sympathetic to local needs and problems than is a remote and distant central government. For this reason the individual citizen is inclined to look to his local state government for help and protection.

The Constitution an Indissoluble Contract

Finally, it was never dreamed by the people of that time, that the Union was indissoluble. Indeed, it was supposed and taken for granted that the Union was a voluntary association formed by the states from which they might withdraw at will. It took the Civil War to demonstrate that the Constitution of the United States formed an indissoluble contract of union which could not be broken.

All of these reasons and concepts formed the forces which were constantly working and tugging to pull down the national house. To withstand these forces the Constitution had to have within itself the seeds of strength and union which would be stronger than the opposing forces of destruction and disunity.

It should also be remembered that the Constitution has survived the test of many wars. Two of these have been world wars. In the meantime, America has passed from a rural and agricultural economy to the stature of an industrial giant and has become a great world power. The impact of this transition has been terrific. The changes in our national life have produced great strains upon our governmental and national institutions. To the Constitution must be given much of the credit for the successful solution of the problems which all these events and changes have brought about.

The Constitution is flexible. It was designed to serve the needs of

the Atomic Age as well as the needs and problems of a simple, largely rural and agricultural Nation.

Constitutional Bulwarks for Survival of Government

We shall now proceed to specify what are generally accepted as the reasons why the Government of the United States under the Constitution has survived. An effort will be made to point out the forces of this survival in the order of their true importance. In doing so the writer is deeply conscious that others may disagree with the order in which the reasons are set out, but humbly believes that general acceptance will be given to the enumeration itself.

Judicial System

It is the opinion of many authorities that the Constitution has survived because the framers, by the provisions of Article III, created a judicial system which was to become a great political force in the Nation. The creation of the Judicial Department was the great and crowning achievement of the framers. The Judicial Department was constituted an equal co-ordinate branch of the Government. The entire judicial power of the United States was vested in this department, in the Supreme Courts, and such other courts as Congress should create. The judges of the various courts were freed from political temptation and influence by tenure (their period of holding office), co-existent with good behavior which, for practical purposes, meant for life. Furthermore, the judicial power was extended "to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties made or which shall be made under their authority," etc.

By these provisions, while not stated in explicit language, the courts were given the power to determine finally the limits of the constitutional authority of the other two branches of Government, namely the Legislative and the Executive, and also of the state government in relation to the Federal Government.

Fortunately for the new Nation, the Federal courts did not hesitate to assume this power. Under the very great leadership of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, the doctrines of constitutional authority were formulated and laid down in several great opinions. Much more will be said of John Marshall hereafter.

No part of the Constitution has been so adaptable and has functioned so brilliantly in practice to meet the needs of a growing nation as has Article III.

Constitution, the Supreme Law of the Land

Next in importance, perhaps, is the fact that Article VI made the Constitution of the United States, all laws made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, the supreme law of the land, binding upon the judges of every state. By this device the framers made certain that in the contest between individual states and the Federal Government, the latter would be supreme in all matters of power granted to the National Government by the Constitution. Under Marshall the

court soon seized upon this weapon to assert and establish the supremacy of the National Government.

Constitutional Power and Authority Over the Individual Citizens and the State Courts

Third, the coercive authority and power of the United States under the Constitution may be and is applied directly to the individual citizen. It has been pointed out heretofore that the basic reasons for the failure of the Government to function under the Articles of Confederation were, first, because there was no provision made under the Articles of Confederation for a Federal Judiciary in which the national laws could be enforced and, further, under the Articles of Confederation, the National Government had no coercive authority or power over the individual citizen. The state courts would not enforce the national laws within their several jurisdictions and, consequently, the National Government was powerless and finally broke down.

All this was changed under the Constitution. Now the individual citizen would be amenable to the constitutional demands of the United States, and furthermore, those demands would be enforceable in the courts of the United States. In addition and also of great importance was the fact that state courts were accountable to enforce the Federal laws and could no longer ignore them. Finally, and in addition, state legislatures could no longer pursue their own independent way, but, henceforth, were to be prevented from encroaching upon the prerogatives and powers delegated to the Federal Government.

System of Checks and Balances

Fourth, the Constitution of the United States provided a system of checks and balances among the three departments of the Government, which in practice has worked out to prevent one department from usurping the powers of another. This has discouraged and prevented dictatorship. To the courts must also go the major credit for preventing such usurpation from occurring.

Protection of Rights of the Individual Citizen

Fifth, the Constitution and its Amendments have provided for the protection of the individual rights of the citizen. In America the majority rules, but the rights of the minority may not be trampled upon or disregarded.

There are rights over which the Government has no control and which it may not abolish or even diminish. Among those which have already been reviewed are the fundamental ones of religious freedom, freedom of press and of assembly, the guarantee of full, open, and public trial, and the many others to which reference has been made. In brief, the Constitution established a Government of laws and not of men.

Change in Constitution Provided by Amendment

Last of all, the provision for amendment contained in the Constitution guarantees that when changing times and new conditions demand, it may be changed and amended to meet the needs of the times and conditions as they arise.

No hasty or sudden whim shall be permitted to effect the amendments, but upon the considered judgment of the Nation as a whole, necessary changes or changes which the national will demands may be accomplished. This is a safety valve which dispenses with the necessity of revolutions and uprisings which have occurred and now are occurring in many lands where no change in government is possible by popular demand, but only by revolution and bloodshed.

Combination of National and State Control

The original idea of the framers also was to leave, as far as possible, the control of matters of local concern to the states and those of national concern to the National Government. This has been a source of strength to our national life and, in practice, has worked out generally as the framers intended, if not exactly as they intended or as could be desired.

Many other matters could well be considered regarding the Constitution which have lent stability, flexibility, and vigor to our national life, but time and space will not permit their discussion. How fortunate we are to live under the protection and enlightened doctrines of our great and wonderful Constitution.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What were the political philosophies of Hamilton and Jefferson? How did they differ?
2. What were the forces of disunity in the United States which might have destroyed her as a Nation?
3. What are the sources of power contained in the Constitution which prevented dissolution of the Union?
4. May states withdraw from the Union at will? When was this question decided?
5. Give as many reasons as you can why the Constitution has held the Nation together.

An Invisible Means of Support

Caroline E. Miner

LIFE would be empty without the gospel. The support it gives to us is invisible, but it is nonetheless real and sustaining. The support the gospel gives to us is purpose in life, the knowledge that we came from somewhere, that we are here in this earth life to experiment and school ourselves, and that we are going to live on eternally. How futile would be all the trials and vicissitudes of life without this over-all view of existence.

Because of these invisible means of support, we are able to muster sufficient strength and courage to face discouragements, handicaps, illnesses, and death, and go forward to love and serve our fellow men and our Father in Heaven. Invisible, but powerful beyond belief, were the influences that sustained the early pioneers of this Church as they faced persecution and death at the hands of their enemies and suffered unimaginable hardships as they trekked across the great wilderness of this country to make their homes in the fastnesses of these mountains.

Men of vision in all ages have had invisible means of support. Lincoln, in his dark hours of despair, sought and secured strength from invisible sources. Washington at Valley Forge found on his knees the power and strength to carry him through great hardships.

It is this inner strength that sustains one weak and frail of body, with no visible evidence of strength. By comparison the invisible means of support gives greater power than any visible means could give. Ours for the asking are powers of strength invisible but mighty.

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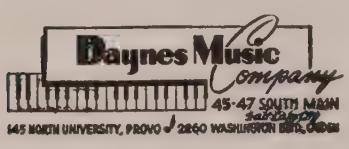

Implicit

Margery S. Stewart

Wherever you are . . . being
Lonely and afraid.
Whoever you are, being
Ground between stones
Of sorrow,
Running blind in the maze
Of indecision, there is
A way. There is a healing;
There is a shield invulnerable.

I do not bring you
An empty promise, a dead
Platitude, sand for your
Building. I know.
I have been all those things;
Lonely,
Sorrowful, afraid. He gave
Me light for dark places,
Paths in the desert, balm.

Once in the thick fog,
Lost,
I found a marker. Prayer
Is a marker.

Revenant

Ethel Jacobson

I had forgotten
This is where we met.
Now the clouds are dark;
Now the path is wet,
And no bird sings
On the rain-lashed bough
That clatters in the wind,
Forsaken now.

Once dappled sunshine
Lay along the grass,
And a redbird sang
For a lad and his lass,
And the wind wasn't chill
And sharp with regret . . . .
Have I forgotten?
This is where we met!

The Cat Rug

Elizabeth Williamson

THIS rug, hooked for the cats, was made from discarded and worn summer cotton dresses, with the strips cut on the straight of the materials. The design was adapted from an old Peruvian weaving, depicting the cat family. The colors of the cat rug are dark green for the cat, faded yellow background, and brown border.

Often we hesitate to make articles of our own because we feel we are not original or creative. If we must copy, it is better to go to the finest art sources to find traditional designs which have been handed down to us. We may alter them to suit the occasion, change the color to harmonize with our surroundings, but we will have a finished product that is in good design. If a public library is not available, we can turn to motifs in our own homes such as a detail from a piece of old lace, a fragment of early glass, or heirloom quilts.

Watchers

Kate Richards

IT is really as it should be, that some are blessed with gypsy heels, and must wander here and there, seeking out new places, new people, new adventures in fields of progress and advancement, both public and private.

But there are, also, the stay-at-homes, who are the watchers of the fire, the keepers of the fortress of home, and who are forever awaiting the returnings—a thankless trust, seldom spoken of, lauded, or praised. But these watchers, too, are needed, and each will recognize her call and know her destiny. From Milton, a great English poet, comes the line: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Trouble

Lucille R. Taylor

TROUBLE is like a stone wall that cannot be moved by worry or wishing; nor will it be moved by self-pity. For others have been stopped by walls just as thick and just as high.

Trouble must be faced by ourselves. It is within us to move these stones that wall us in, keeping us moored to the shore, when our souls tug to be set free to sail unbounded upon a calmer sea.

The wall cannot be crumpled into nothingness at our feet by aimlessly bumping our heads against the stones; nor by adding stone upon stone cemented together with pessimistic despair.

The only tools that will wear away the stones are faith, hope, cheerfulness, and perseverance, used in the hands of an undaunted toiler.

Then if, for some unknown reason, the wall still stands — it is time to work harder than before — giving our patience a new coat of cheerfulness and hope. Soon we will find the stones have worn thin, and are colored with faith and love that will enable us to see through the wall. It is then our souls are free to rise above the pile of stone and rock that has held us bound.

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A Song of the Heart

Elsie Sim Hansen

IT was early morning. Black, threatening storm clouds hovered near the horizon. Only an ever-changing pink glow gave an indication the sun was struggling valiantly to emerge.

Seconds later, a triumphant sun quickly transformed the millions of tiny raindrops on my Camellia bushes into a sparkling array of jewels.

Almost simultaneously, as if the sudden appearance of twin rainbows across the eastern sky had been a signal given by a hidden maestro, a scarlet linnet, perched high in the branches of a Chinese elm tree, burst forth into a joyous song.

Completely enthralled, I listened intently while this beautifully clad little bird sang a medley of blue skies, gentle winds, and sleeping flowers. There were no discordant notes of yesterday's fears or the doubts a tomorrow might bring in this song of his heart, for high above the earth he could see only the glorious promise of the new day.

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Hates and shams caused misery and pain.
With them, Christina, poet sister of Dante,
Whose humility was a lesson to humanity,
Had no thoughts of any worldly gain.

Next followed, with heartbreak in her wake,
The mystic, Emily Bronte, whose sad fate
Struck pity, as fickle fame came late.
Trials she bore, to make the stoutest quake.

By way of change, in lighter vein,
Came the humorists, who did berate
With satiric nonsense, to deflate
The nation's leaders; then with disdain
Made fun of politics and aristocracy.

Then came Eliot and her novels
Depicting life in halls and hovels,

And last, not least, in high autocracy,
Firm amid the changing scene
Stood Matthew Arnold, strong and calm,
His philosophy a spiritual balm,
Teaching values of a life serene.

Look to the Mountains

Blanche Johnson

AS I look from my front door at the mountains to the north, I wish so very much that I might take from them a little of their dignity and strength.

I know that countless generations of human creatures have lived beneath their towering heights, and each generation has lived its foolishness and its goodness, its smallness and its greatness. But regardless of man's pettiness and ugliness, the mountains still stand firmly anchored in majestic strength and beauty, never weakened by rebellion or anxiety.

O Father, give me of the mountain's strength!

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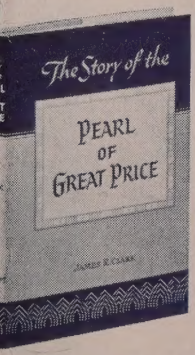

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